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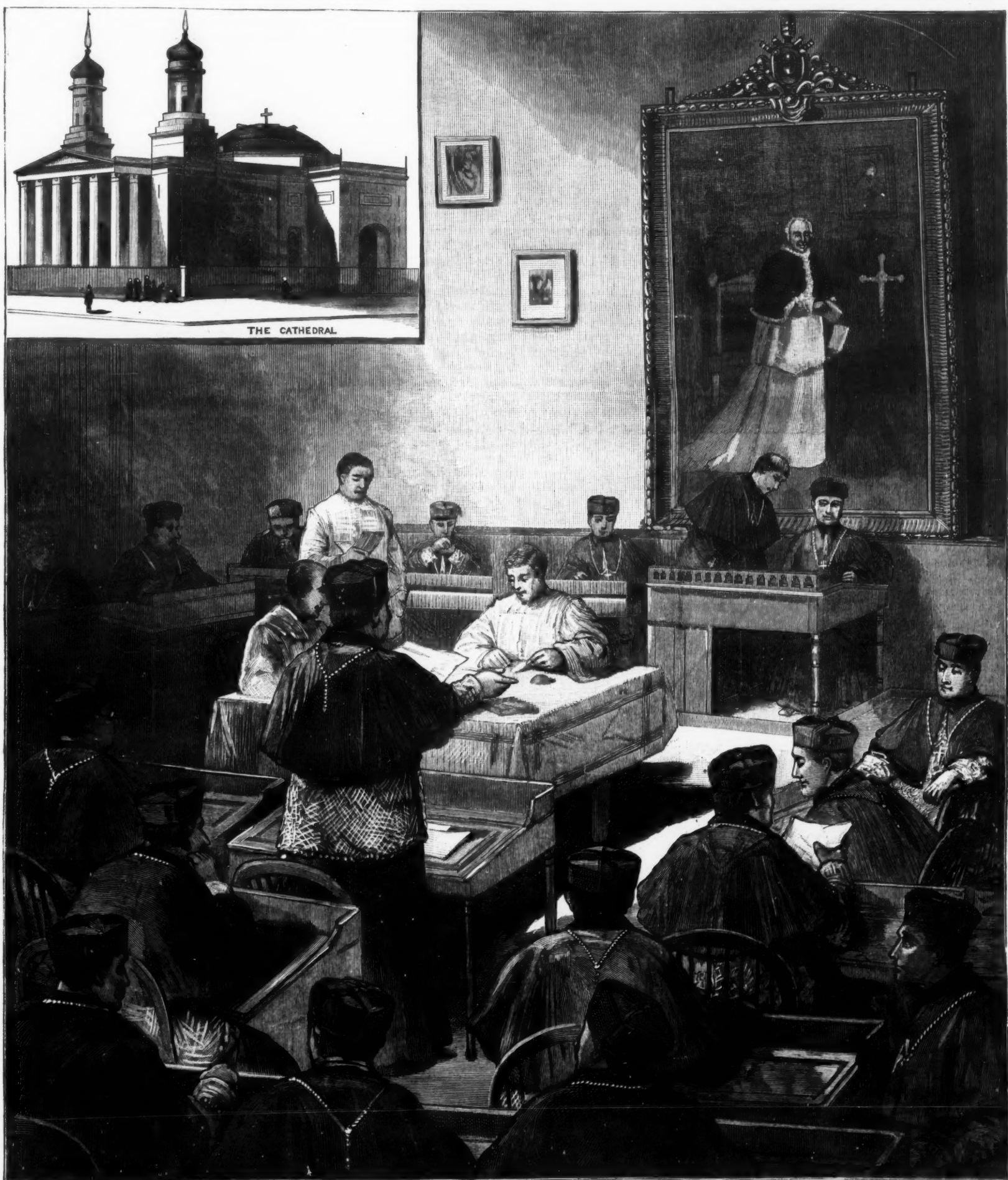
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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No. 1,522—VOL. LIX.]

NEW YORK—FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 22, 1884.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY.
12 WEEKS, \$1.00.]



MARYLAND.—OPENING OF THE THIRD PLENARY COUNCIL OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES,
AT THE SEMINARY OF ST. SULPICE, BALTIMORE, OCTOBER 10TH.

SEE PAGE 218.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
MRS. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 22, 1884.

THE CRISIS AT AN END.

THE nation has passed through another crisis—different, indeed, from that of 1876, but not less fraught with serious peril; and Republicans have shown self-restraint and magnanimity now, as Democrats showed self-restraint and magnanimity in the settlement of eight years ago.

One of the most remarkable features of this contest has been the calmness of the average voter as compared with the frenzy of the average partisan newspaper or the average partisan orator. The people of both parties have borne themselves more steadily than their leaders. Orators have stormed and newspapers have filled the air with exclamations and profane menaces of blood and all manner of dreadful things, but the community at large has waited patiently, not doubting that justice would be done in the end.

As a matter of fact, nobody has tried to commit fraud, and we suspect that nobody has thought of trying. It was all in the brain of the inflammatory partisan writer. Neither of the National or State Committees has done more than duty to its party required; and to count in a defeated candidate under the laws of New York would be next to impossible.

Nevertheless, Congress should make haste to perfect our inefficient system of counting and declaring the Electoral votes. In cases easily imagined there would be real danger because of the lack of explicit directions. Measures are now pending in one House or the other that were introduced by Senators Edmunds, Eaton and Sherman, and these ought at once to be fashioned and enacted into law. Delays of this sort are especially dangerous. Our Republican machinery is a little shackling and wobbling at the very best, and the ballot is a weapon that cannot safely be trifled with.

THE ELEVATION OF WORKINGWOMEN.

WHETHER one agrees or fails to agree with the principles and purposes of the movement for woman's suffrage, this movement bears an intimate relation to a most serious problem of modern life. This relation concerns the intellectual and moral elevation of that large and increasing class known as workingwomen—a relation, however, usually overlooked. We venture the belief that the beneficial effects of the success of this reform would among no class be more evident than among the women and the girls who know at once the burden and the joy of self-support.

The success of this movement would tend to insure to women a right which is perhaps more undoubted than the right to vote—namely, the right to receive the same wages as men. From the departments of the United States Government down to the most insignificant clerkship in a country store, women seldom receive more than one-half the compensation of men for the performance of the same work. That remuneration should be based upon the work and not upon the sex of the worker is self-evident. Women should be paid wages no lower than those which men receive for labor equal in amount and quality. The movement for suffrage will result in the exhibition of this injustice, and so in promoting the means for its removal. The right to vote will tend to increase the force of the right to fair wages. Several ladies of Boston and Cambridge, of wealth and high social standing, have publicly protested against the granting of the right of suffrage. The seamstresses, the female clerks and the thousands of women of New York, Boston and other large cities, who earn their daily bread may care as little as their wealthy sisters about the right to vote, but they do demand the right to just wages. These two rights are so connected that the bestowal of the one would promote the granting of the other.

This general movement would also elevate the condition of workingwomen by increasing the number of the employments which they might enter. These employments have even within a decade greatly enlarged. Women have proved their usefulness in many lines of labor, from the bare suggestion of which their mothers forty years ago would have shrunk. Many other lines, however, yet remain closed, which they are able to occupy with efficiency. To certain departments of editorial work on the daily papers, and the weekly, women are peculiarly adapted. Already women are attached to the editorial staffs of many daily and weekly papers in our larger cities. This form of literary labor is attractive and remunerative, and contains great possibilities of usefulness. The women suffrage movement tends to open all these various kinds of work to women which they are qualified to perform. The question of what women *shall* do for a living is answered by the question what *can* they do. In the long run, one's sphere of work is determined by his ability. The ability for many and diverse kinds of work women possess; the current discussions help to reveal and to apply it.

When workingwomen are granted what may be called

their mercantile rights, they will be free from many of the temptations to which they are now subject. Money thus earned will purchase comforts to which they may now be strangers, and opportunities of intellectual and moral culture. The forces which make for righteousness will become of increased power. Women will become not more manish, but less womanish, and more womanly. The hundreds of thousands of women in city and country rejoice in the dawning day of the equality of their commercial rights; of their rights to fair wages for work well and rightly done.

NATIONAL BISON PARKS.

AMERICAN bison-hunting has come to an end. This season only four buffalo-robbers reached St. Paul, where the annual receipt has heretofore numbered many thousands. Great herds thundered of old across the prairies of Indiana and Kentucky, but now, driven beyond the Mississippi, beyond the sources of the Missouri, their few descendants strive in vain to escape the deadly magazine-rifle and explosive bullet. A few bison, wary and cunning as antelopes, yet hide in the North Rockies, along the Peace River and Saskatchewan, but there are no more herds to slaughter. The long-predicted end has come more suddenly than any one expected. The practical questions for Americans to consider are: Shall the bison be allowed to perish as utterly as did the giant Irish stag and the auroch our Germanic ancestors hunted a thousand years ago? Must future generations know it as we know the moa, dodo and dinorin, only by a few fragmentary remains?

It is a well-known fact that the noble wapiti, or American elk, is disappearing in like manner. But in Europe, the elk has been kept alive for royal hunting, a portion of the Pomeranian province being set apart for elk-breeding. This is said to be the only spot in Europe where the elk can be found. Some of the Scottish noblemen still keep a few specimens of the rough wild cattle, dun and fierce, that their ancestors used to hunt. Perhaps an association with sufficient capital would find the purchase and stocking of a large bison range a profitable proceeding. Rich sportsmen would pay them for hunting privileges, and in course of time the robes and heads would be a source of large income. In a few years from now a genuine buffalo-robe will as precious a sign of masculine luxury as a sealskin sacque is of feminine.

But, without waiting for private enterprise, the Government could declare a national bison preserve, near some military station, and protected against arrow of Indian and bullet of British sportsman. Such a preserve could be stocked before it is too late, and nothing is more certain than the fact that under proper management it would soon be self-supporting from sales of surplus animals. The bison can be domesticated, but will never take the place of cattle on Western ranches. It is only on large ranges that it thrives or can prove profitable. The duty of making certain that a few, at least, are left alive, the disgrace of absolutely destroying from the face of the earth the largest and noblest wild creature on the continent, are evident to all patriotic Americans.

THE PICTURE EXHIBITIONS.

THREE exhibitions of pictures have lately been opened to the public in New York—the works of the English artist, Mr. George F. Watts, which form the chief attraction at the Metropolitan Museum; the collection of paintings by our native artists at the new rooms of the American Art Association, and the Autumn exhibition at the Academy of Design. Of the latter it may be said that it is more a commercial venture for the benefit of the artists than an exposition of what they can do at their best. It is not expected, we are told, that an exhibition at this time of the year will rank in importance with that of the Spring season, where the Winter's work of the painters is shown. The chief object is to give the artist a chance to sell his smaller pictures. As a result of this arrangement the Academy Exhibition contains some excellent pictures, but, as a whole, it is commonplace and unsatisfactory when subjected to the inevitable comparison which is suggested with the Spring exhibitions, with those of other organizations, and especially with that across the way. It is evident that the hanging committee have been liberal in their judgments of what is worthy of a place on the walls, and under the circumstances they were right. Fortunately for the average artist, even a moderately good picture finds a buyer, and that just now is what is wanted.

The American Art Association bids fair to be a formidable rival to the Academy of Design. This season's exhibition is by far the best that has yet been shown under its auspices. One room is devoted to works that were exhibited during the Summer at the Paris Salon, and in the two rooms recently added to the gallery in Twenty-third Street the display is a very creditable one. Both the older and the younger artists are represented in a way that speaks well for American art in sculpture as well as in painting, and the conditions under which the new organization begins its career are so favorable that the enterprise will doubtless add greatly to the artist's facilities for bringing their best work to the notice of the public.

The fifty-three pictures by Mr. George F. Watts at the Metropolitan Museum merit the attention of all lovers of art. Aside from the portraits, they are in striking con-

trast, as regards sentiment and treatment, with those works at the other exhibitions that represent the methods of French art and the range of subjects which it usually selects. Mr. Watts belongs to the school of which Dante, Rossetti and Edward Burne-Jones have been the chief exponents, and with which the French artist Millet was closely in sympathy. These men looked more to the idea which was to be found in a work of art than to the technical skill with which its accessories were treated. The qualities which enabled them to triumph over the hostile criticism and the ridicule with which they were assailed, are apparent in the remarkable works now at the Metropolitan Museum. With all their technical imperfections, they appeal so strongly to the imagination and give such evidence of the sincerity and the earnestness of the artist, and of his devotion to a high ideal, that their shortcomings will be easily overlooked by those who are in sympathy with the lofty conceptions that are so imperfectly expressed on canvas. In some of the ideal pictures the paths of the story which is told with such power can scarcely escape even an indifferent observer. The portraits are by no means the least interesting part of the collection. In these the aim of the painter evidently has been not to give a clever imitation of the texture of the sitter's skin, and the fit of his coat, but to show the real character of the man. How faithful in all cases the likeness may be, the visitor cannot tell; but that what the painter saw he portrayed with equal fidelity and strength is very plain. Such serious and honest work as is shown in Mr. Watts's pictures cannot fail to have an excellent influence as an art educator. Its merit may not be apparent to those who look for careful finish of details in a picture, but with others who have a higher standard, it will not pass without due appreciation.

CHOLERA ON THE MARCH.

ON the 7th instant it was officially announced that cholera was in Paris, and that its presence there had been kept from the public for four months. The present outbreak shows that artificial barriers have been passed, and that the dreaded disease has fairly fastened itself upon the crowded and filth-laden quarters of the lower classes. Although much is hoped from the nearness of cold weather, it is a fact that cholera has been known to continue, though in a modified form, all Winter, and begin with renewed energy in Spring. The microbes of infection lie dormant, but still deadly.

Paris is the city of cities for a cholera-panic. But whatever evil the Asian epidemic brings upon her, history will write down that it is the result of sanitary neglect. Months of warning to Lutetia to put her house in order; months of neglect, according to leading French journals. The warning comes swiftly home to New York. One step more, to London or Liverpool, and the stride across the Atlantic is still easier than now. One of the most distinguished of American physicians said to the writer a few days ago that after a visit to some of the New York dens and rookeries where the lowest classes herd together, he could not believe that Paris or London had viler nests for cholera-breeding. But the area is limited, and energetic action on the part of our municipal authorities can amply protect the city.

WHAT DID SHAKESPEARE MEAN?

WHAT this age doesn't find out is not worth finding out. The danger is that the spirit of incredulous investigation that prevails will cheat itself by its own cunning, and discover things that do not exist. Ignatius Donnelly, lately a Democratic candidate for Congress in Minnesota, has this scholastic spirit of subterranean inquiry morbidly developed. First he produced a book called "Atlantis," to prove that the original Garden of Eden and cradle of the race was in a vast island, stretching almost from Spain to Florida, which was sunk in a terrible terrestrial convulsion before the time of the Phenicians; then he produced "Ragnarok," a work of 500 pages, to prove that there was no Ice Age, but that the freezing up of the mastodons and the scattering of "drift" over half of the planet resulted from a collision with a comet of enormous magnitude some thousands of years ago.

Another production from him is recently announced, having for its object not exactly to demonstrate that Sir Francis Bacon wrote the most of Shakespeare's works (as if Professor Holmes and Delia Bacon have not done that already!) but to demonstrate the novel proposition that all of the so-called plays of the alleged Shakespeare are a puzzle to be guessed, and that they have a secret significance to be determined only by means of a key which he has discovered! He quotes from Bacon that there are "certain secrets of knowledge removed from the capacity of the vulgar, and reserved to select audiences of wits with sharpness enough to pierce the veil."

The definite claim is set forth that he has reconstructed a lost cypher, and that by its aid the plays of Shakespeare are found to contain "a narrative of Bacon's own life, and a secret history of the reign of Queen Elizabeth." The underlying text is not yet given to us, but it is shown that the names of Bacon and of his collaborator are curiously interwoven. "Francis" appearing twenty times on one page, and "William" being repeated eleven times in one short verse. In every one of the plays, it is claimed, the words "shake" and "peare" or "peer"

are found—which, if true, would not seem to prove that Bacon was the author. The world will wait with some solicitude but much patience any further revelations. If Donnelly's "wit" becomes exhausted, let him fall back on intuition, for William Bacon himself says (or is it Francis Shakespeare?), "Who taught the raven in a drought to throw pebbles into a hollow tree where she espied water, that the water might rise so as she might come to it? Who taught the ant to bite every grain of corn that she burieth in her hill, lest it should take root and grow?" There be many lovers of poetry who believe that intuition will tell quite as much about the author of "Hamlet," "Othello," and "The Moor of Venice" as any number of literary scalpels and any quantity of logical and analogical anatomy.

THE TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION HABIT.

SCIENCE already has its hands full in its wrestle with methods for counteracting the evils which weak mankind brings on itself. Narcotics and stimulants, in excess, are the bane of the civilized world. Physicians have devoted long years to the discovery of methods of treatment for the cure of the victims of alcohol and tobacco, while the poppy has seduced—in various forms and manifold guises—millions to miserable deaths. And yet, the vast caravans of men who have been lost on the desert of passion through the alcohol habit, the nicotine habit, the opium habit, died happy deaths as compared with the wretches who today are struggling with what—in the absence of another name or more apt phrase—may be described as the Torchlight Procession Habit.

American politics are responsible for much that is fatal to the comfort of the quiet, lawabiding, honest citizen; what ingenuity of rhetoric, then, shall do justice to the Juggernaut that, dragging these once happy men from their homes, has transformed them into raving maniacs, or driving idiots, till such time as the monster shall crush out life, as it already has driven out hope and all the dear delights of existence? It was of this form of vice that the poet must have written:

"But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure (the noise of the procession passing our doors),
then pity (the fellows who are marching), and then embrace (the first opportunity to carry a torch ourselves)."

The havoc wrought during the recently terminated Presidential campaign by this seductive vice is beyond calculation. At one time it really seemed that "while men may come and men may go," that the torchlight procession would go on for ever. The guilt and responsibility of the men who have dealt in the seductive torchlight, the alluring transparency, the insidious uniform, the deadly banner, is fully equal to that of the rumrunner who takes the drunkard's money, or of Great Britain in introducing opium into China. How the victims of the new disease are to be saved—if saved they can be—is the great problem to which the most learned scientists and physicians should apply themselves. Can the unhappy wretch who has taken hours in passing a given point, night after night, and week after week, find any antidote that will give even temporary relief? Will walking around the block at two A. M. or "painting the town red" do it? Can one whose whole soul has found expression in a gaudy torchlight taper off by surreptitiously smelling the family kerosene can? What philanthropist, what benefactor will come to the rescue of the fallen, degraded wreck of humanity who has become addicted to the Torchlight Procession Habit?

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

WE have referred elsewhere to the appearance of the cholera in Paris, and the excitement it has occasioned. Indeed, the exodus of foreigners already is quite general. The highest death-rate thus far has not reached a hundred in twenty-four hours, which is not an alarming proportion for a city with a population of two and a half millions. The first cases made public occurred among the ragpickers of the Rue Ste. Marguerite, in the Faubourg St. Antoine—a wretched quarter, where the little water that is used comes from the Seine, and is vile. The centre of the epidemic remains here. The better portions of the city appear thus far to have escaped infection. It is quite evident, however, that Paris is not so remarkably clean as it was supposed to be. It cannot be said that the Parisians themselves show a disposition to rush away in a panic at the approach of the cholera. They have set to work to cleanse the prisons and slums, besides taking numerous other necessary and unnecessary precautions. Paris has expert medical men and a good sanitary system. These, with the cold weather, will doubtless hold the epidemic in check, during the present season, at least.

The Ferry Cabinet has finally agreed to forego the demand for a Chinese indemnity, and there is no good reason apparent why the hostilities in the East should continue. If France wanted to teach the Chinese a lesson about the breaking of treaties, she has done it—at considerable cost to herself, it is true. The French troops in Tonquin are in a tight place, and their health is bad. But the sending of reinforcements from France continues, and it looks as though the Europeans could not give up the hope of obtaining some substantial compensation for their trouble and losses.

In the British House of Commons, the Franchise Bill, thanks to the support of the Irish members, has passed its third reading without a division, and it is now before the Lords. But the Conservatives do not seem inclined to accept Ministerial overtures, and Lord Salisbury's uncompromising attitude has been strengthened by the Conservative success in the South Warwickshire election. Mr. Gladstone continues his warning that opposition will result in the humiliation of the House of Lords. No doubt it will, finally; but in the meantime the working out of the present crisis will be as slow as it is interesting.

It does not seem that we are to have any reliable news from Khartoum until we get it through General Wolseley's expedition. The persistence of the rumors about the massacre of Gordon and the capture of the city is somewhat disquieting. Last Thursday some excitement was caused by M. Ferry's communication of dispatches to the French Cabinet, announcing that General Gordon had been shot dead while passing from Khartoum to Berber. The report is discredited. General Wolseley is advancing from Dongola. The Bill appropriating £1,000,000 for the expenses of the Nile expedition has passed the House of Commons.

The crofters of the Isle of Skye are carrying on a miniature rebellion against British authority, and at one time even talked of armed resistance; but the police have been allowed to make a considerable number of arrests without difficulty. These crofters are small renters who work hard to get enough out of a wretched soil to pay two sets of landlords—the owners of the vast estates, and the middle men who rent and sublet the land to the cultivators.

There is not much chance for the latter in a contest with Great Britain, but it is about one to them whether they be starved or shot. Forty officers and 300 troops have been sent from England to the Cape of Good Hope.—The Belgian Parliament opened on Tuesday, the 11th instant.—Recent arrests of Nihilists in Russia have included a number of aristocrats and ladies.

HERE is a gratifying proof of the growth of sound national feeling at the South. At a recent Democratic meeting in the City of Savannah, Ga., the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That we will welcome the day when there shall be no "Solid South" and no "Solid North," but a "Solid Union," as it was eighty years ago, and when all American citizens, white and black, native and adopted, at home and abroad, shall stand equal before the law and be covered and protected by our country's flag.

GENERAL HAZEN strikes back savagely in his annual report and makes aggressive warfare against those who have criticised his instructions to Lieutenant Garlington, Commander of the Greely Relief Expedition. He charges him with incompetency and even with disobedience of orders. The report is thoroughly combative, and only one part of it will be likely to command the confidence of the public—that part which calls for an impartial examination by a Congressional Committee. At the present moment, General Hazen is still on the defensive, notwithstanding his offensive words.

THE four Northern States carried by Governor Cleveland in the late election give him a plurality of only 10,500 against aggregate majorities amounting to 350,000 for Mr. Blaine in the rest of the North. No Northern State gives a clear majority for the Democratic candidate. But some of the Southern States give him majorities almost equaling the whole Republican vote. In Tennessee, Virginia and West Virginia, the Republicans show a steady growth in strength and influence, and it is not improbable that in the near future these States will cease to be "solid" for the Democracy. There and elsewhere, party lines are quite certain to be re-formed before the new Administration has run its course.

CASES are continually occurring which force upon legislators the reflection, that a jury as a judicial executive power, is a failure and often defeats instead of aids the end of justice. In a United States Court recently, an Italian was placed on trial for dealing in counterfeit coin. The evidence was clear against him, and Judge Benedict charged the jury on the case in a manner so unmistakable that they could have no doubt as to the verdict he considered proper under the circumstances. But notwithstanding the positive proof of the offender's guilt and the explicit charge of the judge to that effect, the jury by its verdict declared him innocent. Can it be that the large, lustrous dark eyes of the prisoner's wife, appealing to the arbiters of justice for mercy, moved them to sympathy, and that in the emotion of the moment they lost sight of the evidences of criminality?

THE total receipts from all sources of internal revenue taxation for the year ending June 30th last, were \$121,590,039, as against \$144,593,344 for the preceding year. For the present fiscal year it is estimated that the collections will amount to \$115,000,000. The largest collection in any one district last year, was made in the Fifth Illinois District—\$13,036,355 and the smallest in the Second North Carolina District—\$1,192. The total cost of collection was \$5,100,450, or a little less than four and one-fifth per cent. of the amount collected. During the year, 1,045 violations of the internal revenue laws were reported by Treasury agents, and 902 persons were arrested for engaging in illicit distillation. Nearly nineteen millions of bushels of grain were used during the year in the production of spirits. The total revenue taxes collected from tobacco amounted to \$26,062,399.

PROBABLY the largest and most important case now pending in any American court is that of the American Bell Telephone Company vs. The People's Telephone Company, recently argued before the United States Circuit Court for the Southern District of New York. The vested rights at stake and the pecuniary consequences involved, first and last, in the maintenance of the Bell patent, will probably reach \$100,000,000. The history of the case is fully stated in the argument of E. N. Dickerson, Esq., of counsel for the complainants—an argument which covers 160 closely printed pages, and in exhaustiveness of detail, comprehensiveness of scientific statement and force of reasoning is destined to rank among the masterpieces of legal performance. Mr. Dickerson's reputation as our foremost patent lawyer will be freshly reinforced from this last remarkable and historic argument.

ACCORDING to a recent statement of Mr. Cyrus W. Field, it is not improbable that electricity may at no distant day be substituted for steam as a motor power on the elevated railways of this city. In several instances, already, electric motors have been employed with success on short surface lines; and it is evident, as Sir William Thompson pointed out during his visit here last Summer, that nothing could be better fitted for such an application of electricity than the iron tracks raised in the air, whose elevation furnishes the best possible facility for insulation. In the meantime, Mr. Edison, at Menlo Park, is grappling with the difficult problem of generating electricity directly from coal, without the use of steam power; and he is confident that time—he says five years—will see the practical working out of this wonder. The removal of the heavy steam-engines from the elevated roads would of course effect a reduction in the expenses of operating them, and, what interests the public still more, do away with the smoke, gas, dust and noise now incident to the running of the trains. The prospect for elevated electric railways in the large cities is brilliant and boundless.

THE uncertainty in business matters caused by the apprehension that the victorious Democracy will undertake to tinker the tariff is operating greatly to the prejudice of our manufacturing industries. In New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New York, and other States, works are being closed and wages reduced, and the prospects of the working classes in many localities are far from encouraging. It is certainly difficult to understand why business men should feel the alarm which they manifest by their curtailment of their operations. Even if the Democrats were disposed to reverse our industrial and financial policy, as does not yet appear, they would be unable to do so for at least two years, the Republicans having a clear majority in the Senate, while they will be sufficiently strong in the next House to antagonize pretty effectually any radical legislation, should it be attempted, as to any subject of a business character. The simple truth is, that we habitually exaggerate the importance of our Presidential elections in their relation to the business of the country. Under either party the country is safe, and it is the baldest nonsense to suppose that the prosperity of its great material interests can be permanently affected by the circumstance

of the selection of one man over another as the National Executive. Business and trade, and the life of a nation, are adjusted to broader conditions than those imposed by mere partisan standards, and natural laws, rather than party caucuses, control inexorably the ebb and flow of all human enterprises, whether great or petty in their scope.

THE official report of the Commissioner of Pensions shows that there were 322,756 pensioners on the rolls for the fiscal year ending with the 30th of June last. Of these 3,898 were survivors of the war of 1812, and 19,512 widows of those who served in that war. The average annual value of each pension at the close of the year was \$106.75, and the aggregate annual value of all pensions was \$34,456,600, an increase over the previous year of \$2,211,407.92. The amount paid for pensions during the year was \$56,908,597, of which a considerable sum represents the first payments, generally on new claims, and known as arrears of pensions. The amount paid during the year to 31,207 new pensioners was \$23,413,115, and there remained 7,203 cases of this class unpaid, in which there was due \$4,949,000. On the aggregate, since 1861, 927,922 claims have been filed, and 545,130 have been allowed. The Commissioner says that at the rate claims have been filed for the past few years the close of the year 1886 will undoubtedly show one million claims filed for pensions since 1861. Since that year the total amount disbursed is \$678,346,834, of which it is quite safe to say that twenty per cent. either failed to reach the right hands or should never have been paid at all.

In his annual report to the Secretary of War, Lieutenant-general Sheridan strongly urges the importance of giving immediate attention to the perfectly defenseless condition of our seaboard cities and their harbors against foreign naval attack. While there is no present probability that we shall be involved in war with any foreign Power, sound policy demands that we should be prepared for any contingency that may arise, and, in this view General Sheridan recommends the commencement at once of a general system of seacoast fortifications to be constructed in accordance with the requirements involved by latest improvements in heavy artillery. The permanent works we now possess belong to an obsolete system of fortification, and are practically worthless as defenses against fire of modern heavy guns. General Sheridan in these suggestions simply emphasizes what has been frequently said by others, and unless Congress shall be utterly indifferent to the necessities of the case, it will not longer delay the adoption of the policy indicated. It is the most monstrous folly to expend millions of dollars yearly on the "improvement" of internal waters which no expenditure can render navigable, and at the same time leave our seaboard cities, and our commercial ports, exposed to attack and incapable of defense against the meanest foe.

"If Jefferson Davis had not obstructed my design," says General Beauregard, "I would have marched from Bull Run about August 1st, 1861, with 60,000 men, crossed the Potomac at Conrad's Ford, and captured Washington and attached Maryland to the South." To this reply was made, "Even if your purpose had succeeded, it would only have exasperated the North still more, stimulated enlistments and raised the Federal Army to still greater proportions." "Of course," he rejoined, "every victory is liable to stimulate the enemy to fresh exertions, but England and France would have immediately recognized the Southern Confederacy, and the Peace Party of the North, that showed such a formidable front in 1862, would have dominated affairs and compelled Lincoln to let the South go. If ever there was a military opportunity slighted it was the chance of our capturing Washington after Bull Run had demoralized your army and filled ours with hope and defiant confidence." "Well," the other persisted "even if the South had gained its independence, would it have been any better off than it is to-day?" "Ah!" said Beauregard "now you ask a question that men differ in answering. Of course we believe it would have been better off; if we had believed otherwise, all the deaths that our resistance to Federal authority cost would be a cruel murder. Henceforth it will be one of the curious conundrums of history, like the odd question, 'How would it have affected the world if Napoleon Bonaparte had died while he was teething?'"

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

EARTHQUAKE shocks were felt last week at several points in New Hampshire, Ohio and Ontario.

It is understood that Mr. O. P. G. Clark, the present Deputy Commissioner, will be promoted to be Commissioner of Pensions.

It is estimated that the next House of Representatives will stand 181 Democrats to 142 Republicans and 2 Fusionists—a Democratic majority of 37.

THE Republican Railroad Commissioners were successful in Tennessee at the recent election, and the Republican general ticket made considerable gains throughout the State.

THE National Board of Health has addressed a communication to the Governors of the several States urging the immediate adoption of precautionary measures against the cholera.

THE Massachusetts State Congregational Sunday-school Convention last week resolved to abandon the Old Testament in Sunday-schools, and to retain the New Testament.

NEARLY 1,000 Mormon converts left Chattanooga, Tenn., last week for Utah. In the party were three negroes, two men and a woman. These are said to be the first converts to Mormonism from that race.

EX-GOVERNOR ST. JOHN announces his intention to continue the struggle in behalf of national constitutional prohibition. He has been hanged in effigy in several Western States since the recent election.

THE number of immigrants arrived in the United States during the month of October was 48,865, and for the ten months ending on the 1st instant, 414,324, as against 501,037 for the same period of the preceding year.

TWELVE persons were killed and twenty injured by the wreck of an express train on the Houston and Texas Central Railroad on the 14th instant. The disaster was the work of tramps, who removed the rails on a bridge, causing the train to plunge in the river below.

FOREIGN.

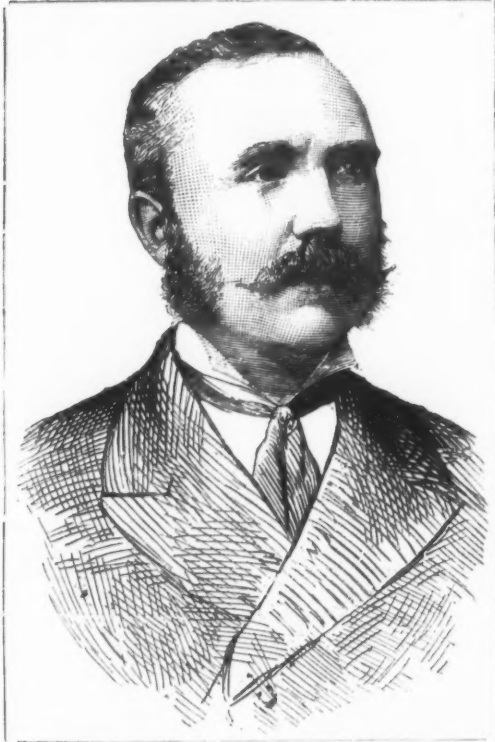
A DISPATCH from Shanghai says that the French forces have occupied Tamsui.

MR. HENRY M. STANLEY will act as the technical adviser of the American delegates to the Congo Conference in Berlin.

THE conclusion of a new treaty of commerce between the United States and the Spanish West Indies has been officially announced.

A BRITISH protectorate was finally proclaimed, on the 6th instant, over the southern coast of New Guinea, and the islands adjacent.

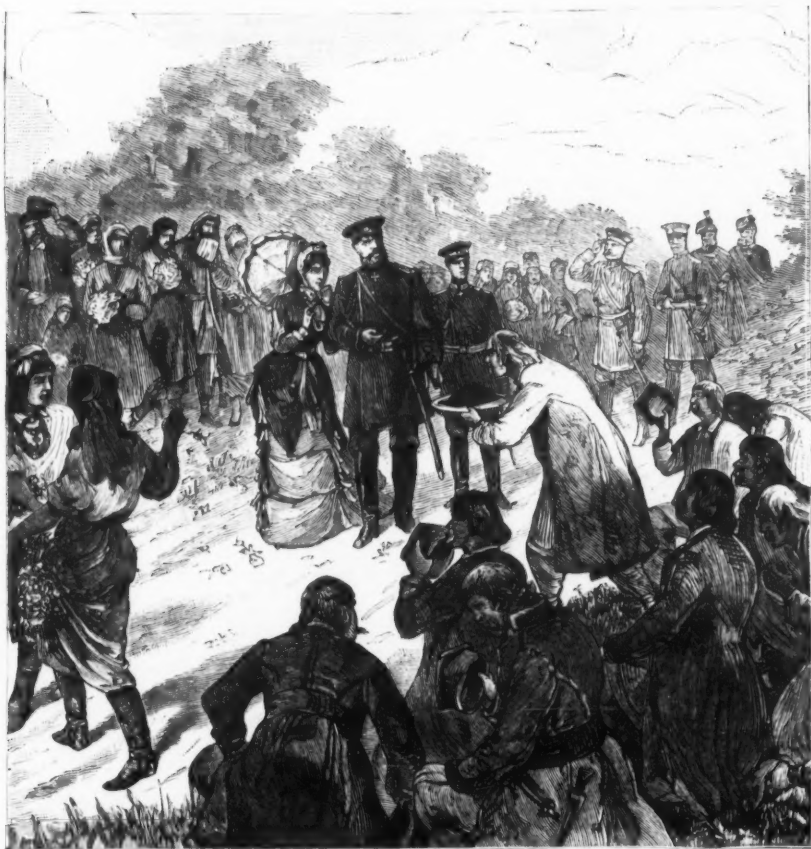
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 215.



GREAT BRITAIN.—RT. HON. H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, M.P.,
THE NEW CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND.



FRANCE.—THE NEW PARIS POST OFFICE AND ITS APPROACHES.



RUSSIA.—POLISH PEASANTS OF SKIERNIEWICE PRESENTING BREAD AND SALT
TO THE CZAR.



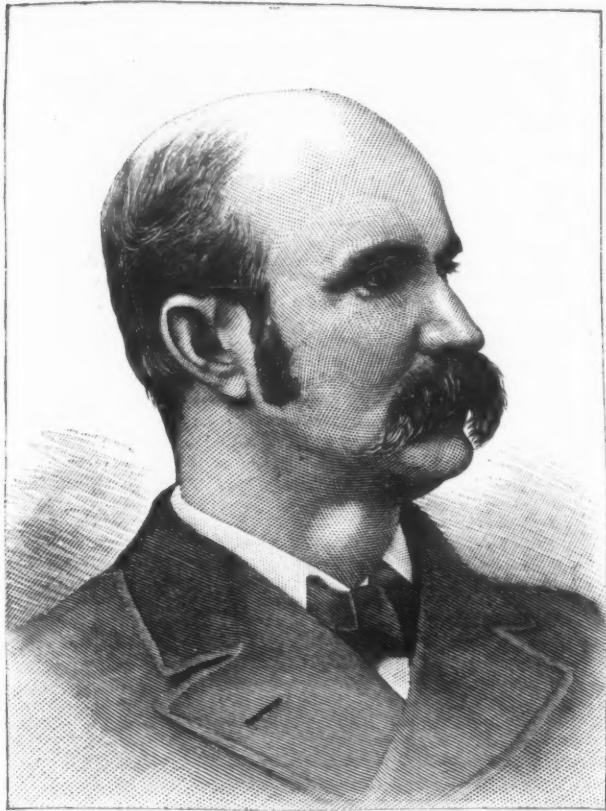
ITALY.—DESTRUCTION OF THE VILLAGE OF CIBALI, NEAR CATANIA, BY A CYCLONE,
OCTOBER 7TH.



THE NILE EXPEDITION.—LORD WOLSELEY'S STEAMER ROUNDING THE BEND IN THE RAPIDS OF
THE FIRST CATARACT.



GREAT BRITAIN.—MR. ALDERMAN GEORGE SWAN NOTTAGE,
LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.



NEW YORK.—HON. DAVID B. HILL, NOW LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR, SOCN TO SUCCEED GOVERNOR CLEVELAND. PHOTO. BY NOTMAN.

LIEUT.-GOVERNOR DAVID B. HILL.

LIEUTENANT-GOV-ERNOR DAVID B. HILL, who will shortly become Governor of the State of New York, is a native of Vermont, having been born at Havana, in that State, August 29th, 1844. He received an academic education, and subsequently studied law. He was elected City Attorney of Elmira, in this State, where he now resides, in 1865, and in 1871-72 represented Chemung County in the Assembly, serving on a number of important committees. He was Chairman of the Democratic State Convention in 1877, and also of that of 1880. In the Spring of 1882 he was elected Mayor of Elmira, and in November of the same year was chosen Lieutenant-governor on the ticket headed by Grover Cleveland. He has discharged the duties of that position with credit and fidelity to the public interests, and there can be no doubt that, as Executive of the State, he will fully meet the expectations of his friends.

DEMOCRATIC REJOICINGS.

THE elation of the Democracy of the country over their success in the recent election has found expression in almost every form of rejoicing. In the Southern States, the demonstrations have been especially enthusiastic, the delight of the populace in some cases manifesting itself with a vigor almost amounting to violence. In New Orleans, when the news was received that New York had given its electoral vote for the Democratic candidate, the excitement became utterly uncontrollable. A great crowd of people assembled in front of the Democratic headquarters at the St. Charles Hotel, and for hours, amid the blaze and sputter of fireworks, and the blare of bands, shouted and danced and sang in wild and delirious joy.

Men embraced each other, threw their hats and coats in the air—did everything, in fact, that men ever do when frantic with delight, and it was not until the night had waned that the streets became quiet and the exultant crowds disappeared. Our picture illustrates the scene as witnessed by our special artist.

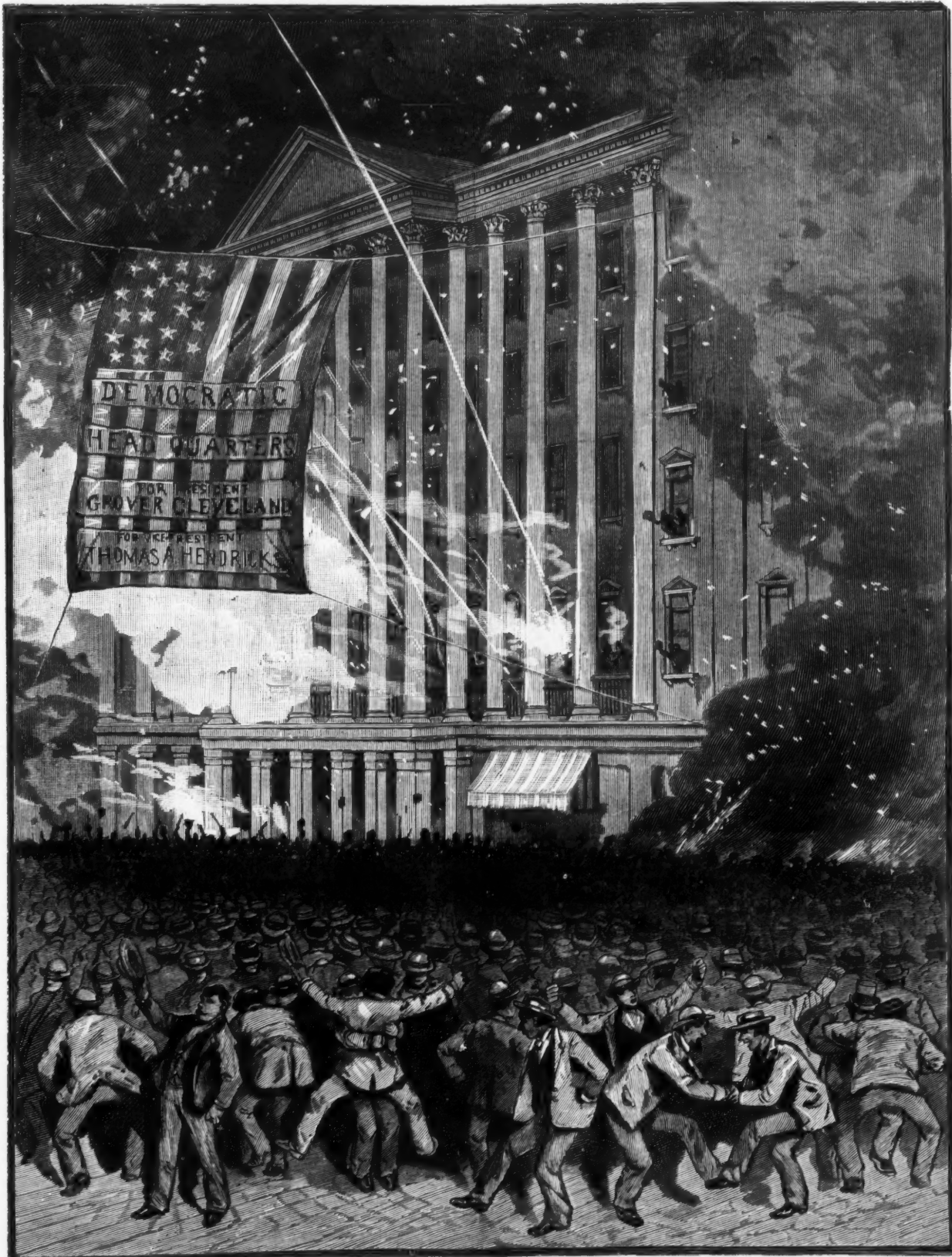
MADAME FURSCH-MADI.

OF all the forms in which music is presented, that of song undoubtedly leaves the deepest impressions, and the names of the "Queens of Song" are household words in every land. One of the few of these queens is the lady whose portrait adorns this page—Madame Fursch-Madi—whose popularity in this country has been continually growing, and who has many merits to deserve it.

Madame Fursch-Madi was born at the small town of Bayonne, on the Franco-Spanish frontier. Her family was of Alsatian origin, and thus she may be said to inherit the German aptitude for music in addition to all the *verve* and animation that are generally conceded as essentially French qualities and prerogatives. Thus the solid qualities, in the musical sense, of the one race seem united with the dramatic talents of the other, and such characters as *Donna Anna* or *Ortruda* are as well represented as the principal rôles of the Italian and French opera. In Bayonne, indeed, the ancient dignity, the proud indolence and the picturesque torpor of the Spaniard are to be seen contrasting with the good humor, the energy and the dashing impatience of the Gaul. Her father, although a young man, occupied the important position of *sous-chef* of the band of the French Imperial Guard. The early years of Madame Fursch-Madi were thus passed in an atmosphere of music and with every stimulating surrounding. Her sense of the picturesque was also developed by the military displays and concerts which she continually witnessed. Her father, seeing her remarkable musical talents, and convinced



MADAME FURSCH-MADI, DRAMATIC PRIMA DONNA. PHOTO. BY SARONY.



LOUISIANA.—POPULAR DEMONSTRATION IN FRONT OF ST. CHARLES HOTEL, NEW ORLEANS, OVER THE NEWS THAT NEW YORK HAD GIVEN ITS ELECTORAL VOTE TO CLEVELAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY C. UPHAM.

that a great future was reserved for her, lost no time in developing her musical education, and entering her as a pupil in the Paris Conservatoire. In less than a year her *spécialité* was established and recognized by her teachers, viz., classical music of the highest order, which she rendered with the strictest accuracy and delicacy of expression. Both her voice and her method were admirably adapted for rendering profound musical thought. So clearly was this recognized that Pasdeloup, the great symphonic concert master, of Paris, at once offered her an engagement with his world-renowned orchestra. Under his management, and in the famous concerts of the Société des Concerts, the young songstress was hailed as an admirable exponent of Beethoven, Mozart, Handel, Gluck, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Wagner, and other classic composers.

Although her success was so brilliant in Europe, the operatic career of Madame Fursch-Madi really began in this country at New Orleans in 1874, where she remained a season, and where her stay would have been longer had she wished "A narrow Ithaca to bound her powers."

Returning to Paris, she was immediately engaged for the Grand Opera, and made her *début* in "Faust" with a most pronounced success, the authorities especially commending the classical purity of her school and the absence of any exaggeration in her rendering. Her subsequent appearance in "Robert le Diable," "Les Huguenots," "Der Freischütz," "Don Giovanni," "La Juive," etc., only confirmed the good impression, and before the season was over the Paris critics universally proclaimed Fursch-Madi as one of the greatest singers ever produced by France.

At the end of the second year Fursch-Madi received an offer

to add another victory, and this in rather a romantic manner. Verdi, at the request of the then Khédive of Egypt, had written an opera with which to celebrate the opening of the great Italian Opera in Cairo. The subject was to be a national one, and thus "Aida" came to be composed. Although one of his best works, it was not accepted at first at the Grand Opera House in Paris, and the composer, offended, withdrew it. He determined to have it translated into French, and have it produced in the Theatre Royal in Brussels. This act of musical emancipation was a bold one, but composer and directors were determined to succeed, and paying her forfeit they engaged the services of Madame Fursch-Madi.

The success of the heroine—the part played by Fursch-Madi—was so instantaneous and decided that the opera was given seventy-two times without interruption, and the cantatrice became such a popular favorite that she remained five years in the Belgian capital.

In 1879 she appeared in Italian Opera at Covent Garden, and the unanimous decision of the most competent critics was, that no such dramatic soprano had appeared since Tietjens. After a gala performance of Meyerbeer's "Huguenots," the London *Globe*, in a leading article, said: "She may fairly claim to be considered as the greatest dramatic prima donna of the present day." For five successive seasons she remained at Covent Garden.

In 1882 she came to this country under the management of Messrs. Mapleson and Gye, and achieved such a great success that in 1884 Mr. Henry E. Abbey induced her to make an engagement to the Metropolitan Opera House, where her triumphs were renewed in such a flattering and decided way that when Mr. L. M. Ruben asked her to return to the United States for a season of concert and oratorio she soon consented. Her reappearance was made early this Fall, and those who heard her declared that no other operatic artist ever succeeded so well in concert. She has lately appeared in the Philharmonic Concerts in this city and Brooklyn, and in her musical tour will certainly reap new triumphs.

Madame Fursch-Madi is not only a great artist, she is also a charming lady that loves her own social circle and family life. It is the possession of such virtues that make her a special favorite with the English public, who look on her as the successor of Tietjens. Here in America, she will unquestionably fulfill the place made vacant by the death of Parpa Rosa, and suitably render the grand and sacred works of the great masters.

THE LOST REGIMENTS.

IT was terror to left, it was terror to right,
The gunboats came cleaving their way
Through the land—
Came shouting by day and shelling by night,
With cities in ashes on either hand—
The great iron monsters incessantly
Shelling and shelling their way to the sea

And only veterans, gray that day—
Gray in the glory of God's uniform,
And marshaled and ready to march away
To that great roll-call that shall ride the storm,
Only women and these old men gray,
And schoolboys fighting in mimic fray.

For emptied of men was the land to the main;
They had gone to the wars, they were far away.
But mothers cried out, as in travail pain,
And boys grew to men on that battle day!
And boys to the dykes in their brave defense
Came shouting and rushing in regiments;

Came manning the dykes up the cypress wood,
The brave boy-regiments born in a day,
And under the dykes in battle-line stood,
With cannon and muskets in battle array.
Ay, breathless and eager in brave defense
Stood waiting the stern boy-regiments.

Then smoke burst forth from the great gunboats!
And iron and steel came tearing in,
The wood-built dykes from the iron throats
Till the dykes were broken, and booming
Through

The riddled old walls and the widening rents
The river rolled over the regiments!

Their muskets lay mute in their watery graves,
Their cannon had never one word to say;
Their red mouths washed by the rushing waves
And lost in the marshes were the men in gray.
The great gunboats played on as before,
Shelling and shelling the flame-lit shore!

Their muskets, their cannon, have nothing to say,
They are rusting to-day 'neath the great
Swamp trees—

Gray cypress-trees kneeling on rugged old knees,
As gray monks kneel by their dead to pray.
And fire flies volley and volley in vain
To call the boy-regiments back again.

NEW ORLEANS. JOAQUIN MILLER.

PÈRE LEFORT.

IT was in a little French fishing village on the Normandy coast that I heard the story. Idly strolling round the place one day I came upon the burying-ground. A lovely dreamy spot, with its quaint old headstones and neglected graves, its buried human sorrows and its living joys of nature. Further and beyond the graveyard, on a little eminence overlooking the sea, stood a marble shaft. Handsomer than any of the other stones, yet there was something pathetic in its loneliness. Drawing nearer, I found these lines:

"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well."

No name, no date. Truly a strange inscription to find over an unconsecrated grave in a Normandy fishing village.

As I turned to go I noticed an old man coming towards me with flowers in his hand. I waited till he had laid them on the grave and then spoke.

"My friend," I said, "can you tell me who lies here?"

He looked at me curiously for a moment.

"One of the noblest men God ever made, monsieur—Victor Lefort."

"Yes? Then why is he buried here and not in the graveyard? Can you tell me?"

"None better, monsieur. There are not many left now to whom Victor Lefort is more than a name."

He seated himself by the grave as he spoke, and I followed his example.

"The man who lies here, monsieur, was my dearest friend," he continued, patting the grave with his hand. "He and I were boys together. One was never seen without the other till Victor's father began to send him to the Pere Petit's to study for a priest. Among us poor fishing-folks, monsieur, it is thought a great thing to be a priest. We were all proud of Victor. Even Pere Petit himself said he had never seen such a clever boy."

"The time came for him to go to Paris to be ordained. I shall never forget the morning he went away. We came to this very spot and sat for a long time in silence watching the fishermen mending their nets down on the beach, just as they are doing now, and the dim little specks in the distance that we knew were the boats gone out to sea fishing."

"Suddenly he turned to me.

"Jean," he said, "when I die I should like to be buried here. Don't you think it makes a difference where one is buried? I am sure I would be happier if I could know the blue water was close by, and that each little wave as it came rolling by was crested with the sun's gold."

"Victor was a curious boy. I always laughed at him when he talked like that. Sometimes he got very angry with me. I have no doubt I was terrible trying; but to-day he just put his arms about my neck, and I saw there were tears in his eyes. Ah! but he was handsome. A fresh wind was blowing that kept his curly brown hair tossing about his face, and the big gray eyes with the tears, glistening in them. Oh! *non Dieu!* what eyes! Why, monsieur, when he was thinking it seemed as if they saw into eternity."

The old man paused and turned away his face to hide his emotion. After all the years, for a moment, he was a boy, and lived the past over again. Everything around was the same as then; nothing but himself had altered. Sky and earth and ocean were all unchanged. The very people on the beach might have been the same, for they were too far off to see their faces. Some fishermen were hoisting the sails to their boat, and the wind carried to the hill-tops snatches of the song they were singing. It was a mournful song, and the sound of it seemed to rouse the old man from his reverie.

"That was the last time," he went on, "that I saw Victor Lefort for many, many years. He went to Paris, and was ordained. Soon after his father received a letter saying that he was to be sent to America. Priests of the true religion were wanted there; he had been called and must obey."

"His father went to Paris to bid him good-by, but with me it was different. I had no money for such a journey. Even Henri Lefort himself went much of the way on foot. It was hard to have Victor go without one final word of parting. Go to a strange country across the cruel, changing seas; and no one knows so well as the fishing-folks how cruel and changing the sea can be."

"When Henri Lefort returned from Paris he brought me a note from Victor saying that he was to sail for a place in America called New Orleans, and that was the last I heard of him for fifteen years."

"Fifteen years is a long time, monsieur, and change is rapid. Not long after Victor left us I married. I was very lonesome without him, and needed some one to comfort me. But the good God saw fit to take Marie and the little one, so that I was more lonesome than ever."

"One day Victor came back to me. I was sitting here watching the fishing-boats, when I turned and found him standing beside me."

"Jean," he said, putting his hand on my shoulder in the old loving way, "do you know me after all the years? Are you glad to see me again?"

"Of course I knew him. But, oh! *non Dieu!* how he had changed! He was handsomer than ever, but his mouth was stern and set, and his eyes—I never in my life, monsieur, saw such a look in any human creature's eyes. It was as if all the misery and unhappiness in the world looked out of them."

"I never asked him what his life in America had been, but after a little he told me, and I wept to think what he must have suffered."

"When he reached New Orleans he reported to the bishop, and was made curé of St. Catherine's Chapel."

"For years he did his duty as well as any man could, and then he met the woman who worked his ruin."

"It came about in this way. Among the people who were under his care was a Catholic gentleman who had converted his wife and his mother-in-law to the true religion. But, alas! his wife's sister, a Mademoiselle Rose, refused to be converted. Monsieur Linton came to Victor."

"Pere Lefort," he said, "will you not talk to my sister sometimes? I am sure she will listen to you, and as a priest you will know better what to say to her than I do."

"What she looked like, monsieur, I cannot tell you; but even Pere Petit's picture of the Holy Virgin, Victor said, was not half so beautiful as this Mademoiselle Rose."

"As a priest, he was welcomed by her friends at all times; mademoiselle herself seemed always glad to see him. For hours they would be left alone together, but thinking over afterwards what they had said he found that when he had spoken of religion she had changed the subject, and in some way he always forgot to return to it. This should have warned him, monsieur; but then he was a priest. It never occurred to him till too late that a priest is not a man after all, with weaknesses like the rest of us."

"Fancy his hurrying through his duties to go to her. Dreaming of her all night and thinking of her all day, with her face constantly floating before him, and then not seeing the danger he was in, not knowing that he was falling in love with her."

"I do not blame the girl, monsieur; she never knew anything about it. He was simply a kind friend to her—nothing more."

"At last the awakening came, and a very little thing brought it about. It is always a little thing that brings on a crisis. She had walked to the garden gate with him, and pausing with her hand on the latch—

"Pere Lefort," she said, "I feel so sorry for priests, their lives seem so lonely and loveless. Do you always find religion satisfactory?"

"That was the question that awoke him. In a moment he realized that to him religion was as nothing compared to the love of this one woman. Without answering he pushed past her and hurried away."

"All night long my poor Victor wandered up and down, fighting for the mastery of his love—a love that for him was sinful and wicked, but which another man might welcome as a blessing. That was the thought which maddened him—his never being able to speak one word of love to her. To think that if he were but like other men, he might win this angel of light for his own. But a priest to whom thought of woman should never come, what could he do?"

"The air still seemed filled with her voice: 'Was religion satisfactory?'

"No, a thousand times no! Religion without love—what was it, after all? A shell, a dry husk. The body without the soul. Better the soul for a moment than the body for a lifetime. Thus he reasoned, if one so mad as my Victor was that night could reason."

"When morning came he found that he had walked far out into the country. All the world was waking up around him, and he sat down to wait for the sunrise. I do not know how that is in your country, monsieur, but with us it is *le bon Dieu's* portion of the day."

"When the sun rose that morning it shone on a man who, still young in years, had parted from his youth for ever; whose face was stern and set with a terrible resolve. That very day he sent his resignation to the Pope."

"Think, monsieur, what my poor Victor must have suffered to do a thing like that! For the Pope will never accept a resignation from a priest and allow him to remain in the Church. He knew that; knew he was disgraced for life, and that he had brought it upon himself, willingly, with his own hand."

"Was there ever a woman worth the sacrifice he made?"

"He determined not to speak to her till he was free, so he kept away, fearing to trust himself in her presence."

"It was not long he had to wait, but it seemed like eternity. After his excitement and sending the resignation, a reaction took place. He saw things more clearly and in their true light; saw that, perhaps, after all, he had thrown away the substance for the shadow."

"Yet so mad was he about this girl he did not regret what he had done. His own love for her was so absorbing, so great, that he never thought about her not caring for him."

"When he poured forth the story of his love he thought it must awake the same passion in her, as the raising of the wind awakes the sea from its calm."

"After awhile his sentence came, and my poor mad Victor actually received it with joy. Excommunication and disgrace for ever he counted as nothing now that he was free."

"It was at evening he went to her. Twice, he told me, he had to stop on the way to rest. A great fear seemed to take hold of him."

"She met him with a little cry of delight."

"I am so glad you have come, Pere Lefort!"

"He sighed as she called his name. You see, he had no right to it now. Still holding her hand, the words of love he feared to speak trembled on his lips."

"Mademoiselle," he began.

"Pere Lefort," she interrupted, "I am in trouble. Will you help me? You remember Monsieur Louis? He loves me, but my mother forbids it. Will you make her understand how good, how noble he is?"

"He did not answer her; perhaps he had not heard the question."

"Child," he said, and there was a wonderful longing and sadness in his voice. "Do you love him, this Monsieur Louis?"

"She looked at him with eyes full of astonishment."

"Love him?" she repeated; "love him? Yes, with all my heart."

"A gust of wind swept by and blew open the window, scattering some papers over the floor. He picked them up one by one and laid them on the table. It seemed as if years had passed while he was doing it."

"Mademoiselle," he said, with a smile, "I will help you if I can, but now I must go, my people are wanting me."

"How he passed that night he would not tell me. Next day he saw her mother and used all his influence in favor of this Monsieur Louis. In the end he was successful."

"It was the punishment for his sin, and he drank the bitter cup drop by drop, till the end of his life."

"He left America at once and went to England. If they knew of his disgrace he never found out. In the American papers he saw the marriage of Mademoiselle Rose to Monsieur Louis, and then a few months later her death."

"After that he came back to France. Ah, *mon Dieu!* if he had never left it! There is his story, monsieur, in almost Victor's own words as he told it to me."

"I took him to my home and for a short time he lived in peace. But a man may never escape from his disgrace in this world. It is always sure to follow and find him out."

"So it was with Victor. The people heard he

was no longer in the Church and shunned him as though he was the plague. Ah, how patiently he bore all! I weep now to think of it."

"Wherever there was sickness or sorrow there was Victor. At first the people refused his help and drove him away, but bit by bit they learned to know his goodness. Slow work, though, slow work."

"Something happened, however, that opened their eyes, when it was too late."

"It was a bitter night in January. A stiff breeze had been blowing all day, and as night came on it grew to a hurricane. About ten o'clock we were startled by hearing people running past the house and shouting to each other. Hurrying out we found nearly all the village gathered on the shore watching a vessel of some sort that was on the rocks not fifty yards away."

"As well as I could make out in the darkness it seemed to be a pleasure yacht. Between the shore and the rocks such a sea was running that nothing could live in it. Several boats were launched, but they all swamped or were beaten back. The vessel was rapidly breaking up, and once in a lull of the wind we heard a woman's voice calling for help."

"Suddenly a man stepped from the crowd, fastened a rope about his waist, and giving directions to the men how to hold it, jumped into that raging, foaming sea."

"It was done so quickly I did not see the man, but I knew—my heart told me. Breathlessly we watched him borne on from wave to wave till he reached the vessel. At last the rope was fastened and every soul saved but one."

"For hours I waited. The sun rose, and wind and sea grew still. Not a trace was left of their night's work."

"Long before I had lost all hope and knew well what I was watching for, still when it came—Ah, monsieur, I cannot tell you what I felt."

"They carried him home and all the village followed, weeping for him. Now that he was gone they knew his worth. It is always the way, *mon ami*, always the way."

"The people he had saved were English, and they gave this monument; but he died outside the Church, so he is buried here."

"My story is finished, monsieur. It won't be long now before I meet him. The priest may say what he pleases, but I know that my friend's soul is in heaven."

"Going, monsieur? Well, it is getting late. No, don't thank me, it has done me good to talk about him. He was very dear to me, monsieur, very dear."

THE ELECTORAL COUNT.

ON Tuesday, the 11th instant, one week after election, began the official canvass of the Presidential vote of New York State by the various Boards of Canvassers in the several counties. The powers and duties of these boards are clearly defined by the election law of the State. They are required to take the statements of the canvass made by the election officers in each district, see to it that they are straight, ascertain from them the number of votes cast, and record the result. In short, their function is to "count returns, not make them."

The canvass is sometimes slow, but it is decisive—and that is a great deal in such a close and hotly disputed election as the present one. Throughout the entire State, for two or three days, great interest was centered in the proceedings of the canvassers. Our engraving shows the scene in the Aldermanic Chamber of the City Hall, where the Board of Aldermen, having resolved themselves for the occasion into a Board of Supervisors, met in solemn convocation to determine and officially record the vote cast by the citizens of New York city on the preceding Tuesday. Up to this writing the canvass has developed no material changes from the figures already announced, and the indications are that Cleveland's plurality in the State will be about 1,265.

THE GERMAN HOSPITAL OF PHILADELPHIA.

THE extensive additions and improvements just completed make the German Hospital of Philadelphia, of which we give an illustration this week, one of the most complete and best-appointed institutions of the kind in America. Its former capacity has been nearly doubled, and its outward appearance, as well as its internal economy, have benefited vastly by the change.

For nearly twenty years the German Hospital has occupied a valuable, if not particularly prominent, place among the many noble charities of Philadelphia. It was originally located on the corner of Twentieth and Norris Streets, and in 1861, at the outbreak of the Civil War, was leased to the United States for the care of sick and wounded soldiers. On July 31st, 1866, the corporation resumed charge of the property, and on Thanksgiving Day, November 29th, of the same year, its doors were opened for the reception of patients. The location, however, was not central enough, and the building was sadly out of repair. A change soon became necessary. A mansion at the corner of Corinthian and Girard Avenues was accordingly purchased in the Spring of 1872 for \$35,000. It was remodeled and enlarged, and formally dedicated to hospital purposes on October 25th, 1875. Since that time the German Hospital has been steadily advancing in favor, anxious and willing at all times to afford relief to the sick and wounded. The extensive grounds which the hospital buildings now occupy were materially increased several years ago by a large tract purchased of the city and donated to the corporation by a friend of the institution.

The original Davidson building was the nucleus of the present imposing group, which consists of the main structure running east and west, the new wing building at right angles with the several corridors of the old building, the operating theatre, boiler-house, laundry building, dead-house and stable. Over the entire old portions of the main building a mansard story has been erected, and above the extreme western part an *entresol* has been constructed for storage purposes. The new south wing is a handsome structure of Yardleyville sandstone, 112 feet long by 33 feet wide, with a basement and three stories, besides a mansard story. It is surmounted by an Ionic cupola. Wards for the sick, and a commodious operating room, occupy most of the new wing. The new boiler-

house has a full equipment of machinery, pumps, coal and ash vaults, hydraulic elevator connections, and other modern conveniences. All the buildings are heated by steam. The finish to the improvements at the hospital is a substantial wall of Yardleyville stone, 4 feet in height, with a 10-inch granite coping surrounding the entire property, extending southward on Corinthian Avenue, thence along Parrish Street, Twenty-third Street, South College and Girard Avenues, a distance of nearly half a mile. On the north and south sides are the driving entrances, each of which has 4 massive piers, centre gates 11 feet wide, and 2 foot-gates each 6 feet wide. There are also foot-gates on Corinthian and South College Avenues and Twenty-third Street.

The German Hospital had originally accommodations for 55 patients, but now its capacity will be more than doubled. From the time of the opening of the hospital to the first of the present year 5,815 patients were admitted for treatment. Applicants to the dispensary in connection with the hospital for medical and surgical aid now average 50 per day.

It is understood that all the extensive improvements mentioned have been carried on solely through the munificence of Mr. John D. Lankenau, the worthy President of the Board of Managers, who has given the work his constant supervision since it was first commenced.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE NEW CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND.

Right Hon. Henry Campbell-Bannerman, recently appointed as Secretary to the Government of Ireland, is the son of the late Sir James Campbell, of Stracathro, Forfarshire, and his mother being a daughter of Mr. Henry Bannerman, of Manchester, he some years ago took the name of Campbell-Bannerman. He was born in 1836, and was educated at Glasgow University and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated with honors. In 1868 he was elected to Parliament from Sterling; he held the post of Financial Secretary to the War Office in Mr. Gladstone's Ministry from November, 1871, to February, 1874, and was reappointed under the present Government in April, 1880. Latterly he has been Secretary to the Admiralty. He has earned a high reputation for administrative skill, and for ability and discretion in the conduct of Parliamentary business.

THE NEW POST-OFFICE OF PARIS.

We give on page 212 a bird's-eye view of the Hôtel des Postes of Paris, showing its surroundings and its several approaches. Situated in the heart of the city, in proximity to the banks, the Bourse, the courts, and the commercial quarter, its communications branch out like rays in every direction. It stands isolated by four streets—the Rue Jean Jacques-Rousseau on the east, the Rue Gutenberg on the south, the Rue Etienne-Marcel (the old Rue aux Ours) on the north, and the Rue du Louvre on the west. The public entrance is on the latter street. Each of the four façades of the building is pierced by entrances for the different classes of mail matter, and the arrangements for transportation, delivery, etc., are very complete. The only objection is that the situation and construction of the new Post Office are such as to leave no provision for future enlargement to accommodate the development of the postal service, which sooner or later will be cramped in the present quarters, commodious as they are.

POLISH PEASANTS AND THE CZAR.

Our illustration depicts an incident of the Czar's recent visit to Skierniowice on the occasion of the meeting of the three Emperors. In his walks abroad he was greeted by the Polish peasants with gifts of bread and salt, the usual sign of amity and goodwill, and while the fear of Nihilists accompanied the Emperor everywhere, he seems to have received graciously the evidences of loyalty thus offered him. In some cases, however, arrests are said to have been made of persons who approached the Emperors too closely with congratulatory offerings.

THE CYCLONE AT CATANIA.

The 7th of October, 1884, will ever remain engraved upon the memory of Catanians as a day of dread disaster on account of the terrible cyclone that visited the country, swooping down upon it without a single note of warning. The morning of the 7th was similar to that of its predecessor, gray, while the summit of Mount Etna was enveloped in clouds. Catania is 1,970 square miles in area, with a population of 560,000. It has on several occasions been visited by earthquakes, and the eruptions of Etna have been as frequent as they have proved disastrous. As night appeared on the fatal evening of the cyclone a pitch darkness set in as suddenly as if a black veil had been dropped from the heavens. Then came a sighing of wind, and then a positive shrieking as though the elements were in pain, and then the cyclone tore everything up that stood in its course—fences, cattle, trees, cottages, houses. In a few minutes this hand of desolation had stricken down entire villages, and in that of Cibali del Mare destruction literally reigned. People were killed by the falling of the houses, or horribly mangled while being driven by the weird power over the adjacent country.

THE NILE EXPEDITION.

A correspondent of the London Graphic gives a vivid description of the ascent of the First Cataract of the Nile by General Wolseley's steamer. Threading her way for some miles through a succession of rapids, she "at length" arrived at a point of land where the rapids are divided into two courses, both opening out on to the famous ruins of Philæ, where the danger ends. Here the real difficulty and danger began. The natives, who had been conveyed for the purpose of tugging from Assuan, now land, and their number being augmented by Egyptian soldiers and Blue-jackets to about three hundred, hawyers were thrown out, and the tugging began, the object being to pull the ship round the rocky point in question, where the waters surged with great strength and fury. Thrice, when almost clear, were we driven or shot back against the land, large numbers of Blue-jackets and soldiers trying to drive us back with long poles into the angry waters. At last, after an hour's exertions in this way, the nose of our steamer faced the current. Then, with full steam, we cut through the boiling waters, all the men on shore now holding on to the hawyers, and pulling with might and main, to prevent the good ship being driven by the force of water on to the rocks in mid channel, which showed their black teeth up out of the rapids. With yells and shouts and

English cheers, we were dragged along until we were out of all danger, and in the calmer waters on our course to Philæ.

THE NEW LORD MAYOR.

The new Lord Mayor of London, Mr. Alderman Nottage, is descended from a family who were long settled at Nottage, in Glamorganshire, but who afterwards migrated to Essex, in which county the future Alderman passed his early youth. In 1875 he was elected Alderman of Cordwainer Ward, and in 1877, in conjunction with Mr. Alderman Staples, he served the office of Sheriff of London and Middlesex. He is a member of the Carpenters', Joiners' and Spectacle-makers' Companies, and this year is the Master of the Carpenters' Company. The Lord Mayor Elect was for many years engaged in a large iron business, but he is best known as the founder of the London Stereoscopic and Photographic Company, a concern which has agencies all over the world. He is in politics a Liberal, and is a member of the Church of England. He is sixty-one years of age, and has two children, both in good social position.

MADE FROM SMOKE.

THE Boston Journal of Commerce says: "The old saying that nothing is wasted or lost in nature is true in regard to the smoke from the furnace of Elk Rapids, Mich. In this furnace are manufactured fifty tons of charcoal per day. There are twenty-five charcoal pits, constructed of brick. Each pit is filled with 100 cords of hard wood and then fired. The vast amount of smoke from these pits, which was formerly lost in the air, is now utilized. Works have been erected to convert the smoke into chemicals and acids.

"These works are a curiosity. First, they have a circular tube, made of wood, with pine staves sixteen feet in length, bound together with heavy iron hoops. This tube is placed directly over the pits in a horizontal position, with an opening from each pit into the tube. At the end nearest the building there is a large drum containing a rotary fan, propelled by machinery, the power of which is gas. That acts as a suction or draft for the smoke, which is conveyed into fire stills filled with copper pipe two and one-half inches in diameter. The boxes in which the pipes are situated are twenty feet square, eight feet deep, made of heavy pine and filled with cold water; they are all connected by copper pipes; they are connected with the main still, 100 feet in length, ten feet wide and eight feet deep, filled with copper pipes two and one-half inches in diameter, in horizontal position, surrounded by cold water; from this conveyed to a purifier, from which runs what is called pyroigneous acid, which is as clear as amber, with an unpleasant odor.

"From the acid is produced, first, acetate of lime; second, alcohol; third, tar; fourth, gas, which is consumed under the boilers. Each cord of wood contains 28,000 cubic feet of smoke; 2,800,000 feet of smoke handled every twenty-four hours, producing 12,000 pounds of acetate of lime, 200 gallons of alcohol and twenty-five pounds of tar. These products have a commercial value in the manufacture of various articles. The smoke from 40,000 cords of wood consumed per annum is thus made a source of much profit, as the works are automatic and require no workmen to run them."

THE TOOTHPICK.

THE caricaturist of the future may, perhaps, represent the typical Yankee no longer as whittling, but going through the process called "chewing the quill." In nearly every hamlet, town and city of the country the consumption of the toothpick, both physically and commercially, has become a national characteristic. Few, indeed, are the hotels, restaurants, etc., where the invitation to "have a toothpick," is unknown; while no private house is considered well-ordered in the absence of this edible. It has even invaded the domain of literature, and we are no longer supposed to "chew the cud," but the quill "of reflection." For this general result a firm in this city is largely responsible, as the introduction of the wooden toothpick was made by it. Said a member of the firm recently to a reporter: "We began to make wooden toothpicks fifteen years ago, and, while another company now shares the wholesale trade, we were the sole manufacturers of the article for ten years. We have a white-wood pick made of poplar, and a hard-wood kind made of birch. The picks are all made in Maine, the lumber of that State supplying the material. Sometimes we flavor picks, say with cinnamon or wintergreen. What does the trade amount to in wooden picks? Well, I should say about twelve thousand cases a year, one thousand of which is exported to Europe and Mexico. A case contains one hundred boxes, and each box has twenty-five hundred picks. So you see, there's 'billions in it.' Has the business increased much? About twenty-five per cent. in the last three years. Orange-wood picks, imported, are to be found in some clubs, and also a flavored wood-pick from Japan. Quills are wholly imported. Russia and Sweden furnish the material, and those countries, with France and Germany, also manufacture the article as we get it. The work is done altogether by hand. Peasant-folk, after their daily work is done, sit down with a sharp knife and add to their 'pin money' by cutting these quills. This adds to their price here, of course. Perhaps some inventive American will construct a machine some day that will turn them out rapidly and make them as popular as the wooden picks now seem to be."

CHINESE OUTRAGES ON CHRISTIANS.

RECENT mail advices from Hong Kong state that Chinese mobs have been committing fearful outrages on persons and places of Christian worship at Canton and interior points. In the Province of Kwang-Tung alone four Roman Catholic and five Protestant churches have been destroyed, 120 houses of resident Christians looted and their occupants driven away. At Nam-hoi three Catholic chapels were pillaged, as were also the houses of converts. The priests and the converts were beaten and the females assaulted. At Shi-hung the Church of England chapel was destroyed. The Chinese tore the clothing from the preacher's wife and treated her shamefully. At Chant-sung the Wesleyan chapel was destroyed. Christians are said to be fleeing from the province to Hong Kong. The Chinese gave them the alternative of sacrificing to the idols or leaving their homes. They preferred the latter, but, while leaving, many of the women were caught and maltreated. The authorities of twelve Cantonese villages have issued notices that all Christians must leave. Fifteen churches in those villages have already been de-

stroyed and several stores looted. Many persons are homeless. Although the attention of the Chinese Government has been called to these barbarous acts, no action has been taken to prevent them or to punish the perpetrators. At Kite-yung a mob destroyed all the Roman Catholic and English churches. At Swatow the Catholic priests were ordered to leave, and, after they had left, Chinese soldiers broke into the houses and assaulted the female converts. Mr. Bagnall, a colporteur of the American Bible Society, is said to have been murdered in the Province of Shan-Tung. Full reports of the riots at Hong-Kong, which began on September 30th and lasted three days, show that they were less serious than at first reported.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

OYSTERS fried in oil are said to be far better than those fried in lard, butter or drippings, but there is everything in the quality of the oil used.

THE Prince of Wales will in future give increased facilities to tenants on his Devon and Cornwall estates for the purchase of freehold building sites.

LOUISIANA planters claim that the sugar-cane this year contains richer juice than has ever before been known, owing to improved methods of fertilizing and perhaps some peculiarity of the season.

HAWAIIAN women are deplorably deficient in maternal skill, and infants often die in consequence of this ignorance and inexperience. At present there are but two births to three deaths on the Island of Kauai.

TWO LIEUTENANTS of the Turkish Navy have been allowed to join the British service. One has gone on board the *Agincourt*, and the other the *Northumberland*. They are to wear the uniform of British naval lieutenants.

A PREMIUM of \$30,000 has been offered by the Mexican Government to any one who will establish in that country a paper-mill at a cost of \$150,000. The Government will also concede the right to all cactus plants on the State lands.

THE estimates of expenditures for the Post Office Department for the next fiscal year, are \$56,099,169, an increase of more than \$7,000,000 over the appropriations for the present year, and an excess of nearly \$5,000,000 over the estimated revenues of the department. A part of the increase of cost of the service is said to be apparent only.

ONE of the greatest vegetable curiosities in existence is on exhibition in Nevada. It is a potato-vine filled with well-developed potatoes, which grew in the open air like tomatoes. They differ from the tubers which grow underground, according to the established rule, by bearing a slight green tinge.

THE latest dream in Paris is of a coupé and barouche which can be worked by electricity. It is said that M. Herz the man who made the telephone so successful in Belgium, and who is described as French Comtois by birth, Californian by early breeding, and Parisian by scientific culture, is supported by the Rothschilds and several other millionaires in a scheme to construct an electric carriage which will be as easy to manage as a sewing-machine.

A LETTER from Shanghai says: "Foreign instructors are needed everywhere in China, in drilling her soldiers and sailors, as superintendents and foremen in her workshops, as advisers in everything that relates to foreign affairs and industrial progress. Probably there are 500,000 soldiers at Taku and manning various lines of fortifications that are intended to obstruct the advance of a foreign army on Peking. Not more than 5,000 were ever under a foreign drillmaster, while, perhaps, 30,000 or 40,000 more have been drilled by natives after foreign methods. The rest know nothing about army movements. Most of them are armed with muskets of the oldest pattern, with spears, with pitchforks, with bows and arrows, and not only are they of no assistance to their better instructed comrades, but in some cases like the Shanghai soldiers, who appear at drill with umbrellas, fans, and sometimes, if petty officers, with a coolie to carry or hold these articles for them."

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

NOVEMBER 8TH.—In Bridgeport, Conn., Dr. Augustus H. Abernethy, aged 46 years; in Somerville, Mass., the Rev. Charles F. Barnard, aged 76 years; in Halifax, N. S., John C. Haliburton, for many years Clerk of the Legislative Council of Nova Scotia, aged 78 years. NOVEMBER 9TH.—In New Brighton, Staten Island, Francis Depan Fowler, an old business man of New York city, aged 62 years; in New York, Colonel Benjamin P. Baker, well known in business circles; in Newport, R. I., Brigadier-general George W. Tew; in Baltimore, Md., Charles Weber, President of the German Fire Insurance Company, and a worker in several charitable institutions. NOVEMBER 10TH.—In New York, Seth C. Hawley, Chief Clerk of the Board of Police, aged 74 years; in Greenwich, Conn., Mrs. Frances Dana Gage, a well-known writer, women's rights worker, etc.; in Washington, D. C., Rear Admiral Alexander Murray, aged 66 years; in Baltimore, Md., Laura C. Clancy, the actress; in Baltimore, Md., Asbury Jarrett, one of the seven survivors of the Old Defender's Association, aged 89 years. NOVEMBER 11TH.—In New York, Captain Louis F. Zimmermann, of the steamship *City of Alexandria*, aged 47 years; in Paris, France, Victor Guichard, the senior member of the Chamber of Deputies, aged 81 years. NOVEMBER 12TH.—In New York, Samuel Barstow, one of the oldest wholesale grocers in this city, aged 79 years; in Pittsburgh, Pa., Ormsby Phillips, one of the proprietors of the *Pittsburgh Dispatch*; in New York, Frederick Hinman Hamlin, Deputy Commissioner of Public Works, aged 36 years; in New York, James Hoffmann, cashier of the Custom House, aged 57 years; in New York, David Babcock, a well-known contractor, aged 62 years. NOVEMBER 13TH.—In Englewood, N. J., Henry W. Hubbell, an old New York merchant, aged 79 years; in New York, Isaac Henderson, for many years business manager of the *Evening Post*, aged 71 years. NOVEMBER 14TH.—In Jersey City, N. J., Nathaniel Turner, of the firm of Rouse & Turner, potters, aged 66 years; in Dover, N. H., the Hon. Francis Atkinson Freeman, aged 62 years; in Gettysburg, Pa., William A. Duncan, who was re-elected to Congress in the Nineteenth Pennsylvania district on the 4th instant, aged 48 years; in Fayetteville, Tenn., the Hon. George W. Jones, a prominent Southern Democrat, aged 78 years.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE next Montreal ice carnival will begin the last week in January.

THIS year, for the first time, it is said, the Zulus have had the entire Bible translated for them into their own language.

THE Pope has conferred a canonical status upon the American College in Rome and fixed regulations for its government.

THE latest reports from Wyoming show that derricks are going up and wells going down, and that oil has been struck in the heart of that Territory. Should petroleum be found there in large quantities a further demoralization of the Eastern markets, caused by the recent remarkable developments in Pennsylvania, would be the inevitable result.

THE new steamship *Umbria*, of the Cunard Line, made her maiden voyage from Queenstown to New York in 7 days, 16 hours and 30 minutes. The first Cunarder made the passage to Boston in 14 days—a marvel of speed for that time. At this rate of progression, a contemporary calculates, thirty years hence a man will land in Liverpool two days before the steamer sails.

THE Actors' Monument to Edgar Allan Poe has been shipped from Leghorn, and is now on the voyage to New York. It will arrive in December, and at a later date it is to be placed in the Metropolitan Museum of Art with appropriate ceremonies. An address will be delivered by Mr. Sullivan, an oration by the Rev. William R. Alger, and a poem by William Winter.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA has made greater relative progress of late years than any other section of the State. What was regarded as arid land half a dozen years ago is now occupied by thriving farm settlements. Population continues to flow into the Southern counties, attracted by the genial climate, as well as by the more solid argument of profitable returns for money and labor invested.

OCEAN travelers will heartily appreciate the recent ruling of the Treasury Department to the effect that the luggage of passengers arriving in this country from foreign ports may be transported in bond at once to the custom-house nearest its final destination; there to be examined for dutiable articles. The vexatious delays and crowded struggles for attention at the port of entrance will thus be avoided.

ON the 12th instant, the Washington monument reached a greater height than that of any other structure in the world, being 520 feet 10 inches above the floor of the monument. The next highest structure is the spire of the Cologne Cathedral, which towers 515 feet above the floor of the building. It has been estimated that it will take only twenty-five working days to complete the monument, so that there is no doubt of its being finished in time for its dedication on the 22d of next February.

THE long drouth in West Virginia has drained even the streams to small proportions. As a consequence people and their domestic animals are forced to go long distances for water and to get it from creeks. For several weeks flux has been prevalent among both men and animals. It is said that nearly one hundred persons have died, and the loss on stock will reach many thousands of dollars. Investigation shows that the water has become heavily charged with mineral matter from the mountains.

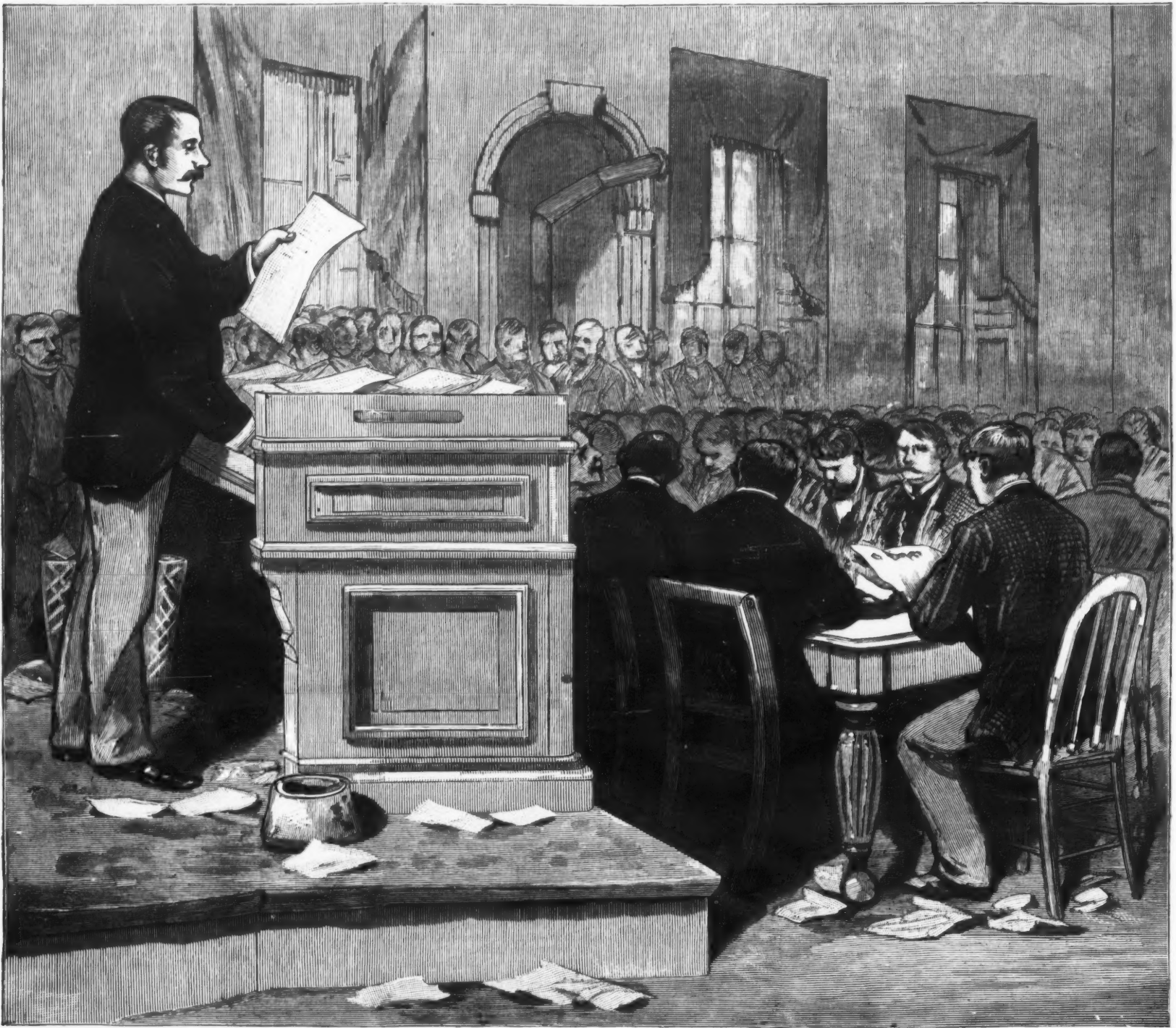
ART-STUDENTS in Northern Russia labor under difficulties which almost pass our comprehension. During the long Winter, clear daylight only lasts from an hour and a half to two hours, and the Academy of Arts at St. Petersburg is about to devote a considerable portion of its funds to sending its *laureats* southward, where their opportunities of work and study are greater. It is hoped that, by adopting this plan, much progress will be made, and Russia will be represented, both in painting and sculpture, at the Universal Exhibition of 1889.

GENERAL HAZEN, Chief of the Signal Service Bureau, in his report for the year ending June 30th, 1884, says that an average of 85.4 per cent. of the predictions of his bureau as to weather in the country at large east of the Rocky Mountains were verified, while the annual average of the Pacific slope was 89.3. As many as 2,776 cautionary signals were ordered, of which 2,287 were justified by the results. The total expenses of the bureau, including those of the school of instruction at Fort Meyer and of the Arctic explorations, were \$1,028,241.81.

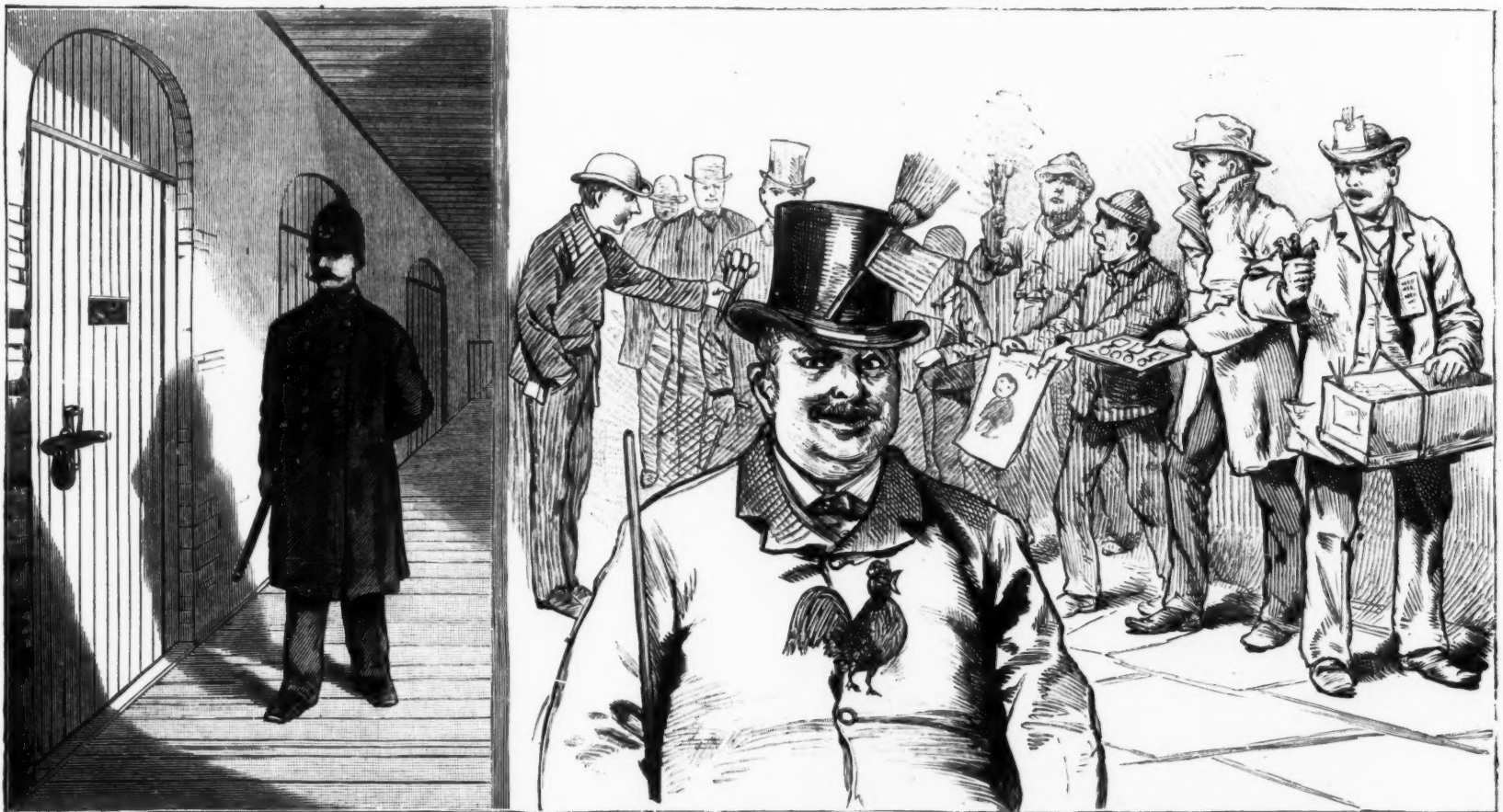
THE statute fairs of merry England have been time out of mind the pleasure of the common people and the study of artists and novelists. At Stratford-on-Avon this year the scenes were so much of a Vanity fair revel that the local clergymen have issued a protest against the institution. One of the picturesque features of these fairs is the roasting of animals in the streets, and the clergy beg that the town may be "freed from the disgusting sights and smells of half-roasted oxen and pigs," which are suggestive of "nothing but cannibalism."

THE Lord Mayor's show in London, last week, had some significant features that were of especial interest to Americans. As the procession passed the offices of the American Exchange in the Strand, all the bands struck up "Yankee Doodle," and the crowds on the sidewalk responded with cheers for the Stars and Stripes. A large portrait of Governor Cleveland, which was hung in front of the Exchange, also received a hearty round of cheers. A banner was displayed on which was inscribed: "New York through its new Mayor says grace to the new Mayor of London." This pun was well received, and New York city was honored with a burst of applause from the procession. The weather was fair, and the streets through which the procession passed were thronged with an enormous crowd of people.

CANADA will be well represented at the New Orleans Exposition. The General Manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway promises to make such a display of the agricultural, mineral and forestry productions of the new country through which his road passes as shall astonish all visitors to the coming Fair. Efforts, which will probably be successful, are being made by Commissioner-general Morehead and leading citizens of Montreal and other parts of Canada, to have the Canadian Government grant free transportation to exhibitors over the Government railway to Halifax and from thence by the Government steamer *Norfield* to New Orleans. Meetings are being held in all the principal cities of the Dominion, and the determination to have their country properly represented at the forthcoming Exposition is everywhere apparent.



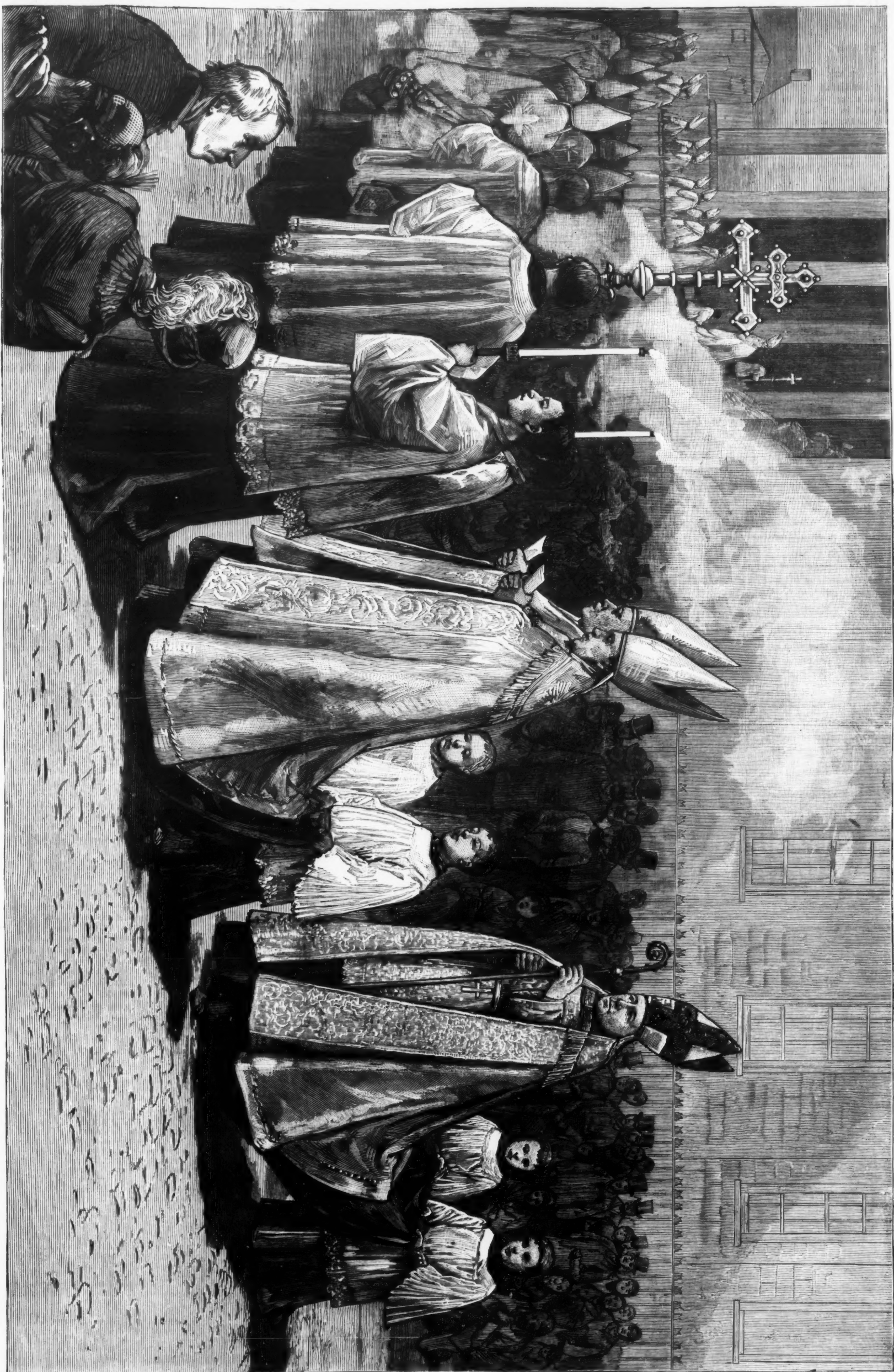
NEW YORK CITY.—THE BOARD OF ALDERMEN CANVASSING THE RETURNS IN THE ALDERMANIC CHAMBER, CITY HALL, NOVEMBER 11TH -- CALLING OFF THE FIGURES.



GUARDING BALLOT-BOXES AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, BROOKLYN.

STREET MERCHANTS SELLING EMBLEMS OF VICTORY.

THE LATE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.—THE COUNTING OF THE ELECTORAL VOTE, WITH OTHER SCENES AND INCIDENTS.
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 214.



MARYLAND.—MEETING, IN BALTIMORE, OF THE THIRD PLENARY COUNCIL OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH—THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE, SUPPORTED BY HIS DEACONS OF HONOR AND A PROCESSION OF ECCLESIASTICS, PASSING FROM THE ARCHBISHOP'S RESIDENCE TO THE CATHEDRAL, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 9TH.
FROM A SKETCH BY C. BUNNELL.—SEE PAGE 218.

THE LOVE AND LOVES THAT JACK HAD.

By PROFESSOR CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

CHAPTER XIV.—FROM WINTER TO SPRING.

WEEKS went rapidly by. Paul became well and strong again. The happy lovers had no cloud in all their sky. St. Aubyn might have never lived, so far as his connection with the lives of Jack and Stella were concerned. Since Stella's engagement she had never seen him; Jack had seen him but once, hurrying home in the Spring twilight one night, as though he durst not be out when the dark came.

Stella had almost forgotten that her former lover lived. She had almost forgiven him the cruel deception he had attempted upon her. She had come to think that his silence meant that he had turned his attention away from her for ever.

Jack scarcely gave a thought during these days while Winter was changing into Spring, to the man he had once feared as his rival. He pitied him—honestly he did—for the good he had lost, and he forgave him all the evil he knew him guilty of; no great task, for he had no great knowledge of St. Aubyn, and believed that he was as good a man and as safe a man, as men usually are.

I will not say that Paul never forgave, though none of the others knew so well how much there was to forgive. But I know he never forgot. He watched St. Aubyn, himself or by proxy, and trusted him as fully and entirely as his trainer trusts a tiger, and no more.

Many a night Jack reclined on the sofa in the long parlor, and Stella sang marvelous songs of love and valor until the tears were in her eyes and in his. And St. Aubyn would stand a little way from the front door, in the shadow of building or tree, and watch and listen as a devil might at the gates of Paradise. Jack never guessed it. Stella never guessed it. But Paul would sit at the window of his room up-stairs, behind the half-shut slats of his blinds, and wait to see what desperate thing the frenzied watcher might dare do.

Later, there were many days and nights when Paul was not at home at all. He visited banks in New York and Philadelphia, to say nothing of those at home, taking with him the tin box that had once been in St. Aubyn's safe. But, when he was away, one man in his employ always stood before his house, and one before St. Aubyn's, all night long.

He was weaving too strong and close a net about the unsuspecting man to dare trust him. Some day he might guess what was being done, and turn against the relentless justice of his pursuers. And a reckless hand might make a vacant place by Paul's fireside, unless there were help handy when a crisis came.

Paul's journeys would have seemed strange to any one following him. Entering a bank there would be a greeting of courteous inquiry. On the mention of his name, Burlan, there would fall an atmosphere of coldness and suspicion. The opening of the tin box caused wonder; its examination led the mind through the mazes of doubt, up through possibility, and ended in certainty. The bank officials always parted from him in the most friendly manner, and often spoke some pleasant words of sympathy, which were not demanded by mere business relations. On his return to the city he always went to a certain quiet boarding-house, in a quiet street, in a quiet suburb, and had a long interview with the man who had brought him the tin box from St. Aubyn's burning office in the wintry midnight.

"Courage, time, money!" these were the words he said first on meeting the old man each time. And the last words on leaving him were always, "Courage, time, money!"

Sometimes when Paul could wrest the leisure from his business, he would come in and spend a part of an evening with the lovers. On such occasions he would stand by the mantel, beaming down upon the happy pair, and smoke an unlimited number of cigars, in the most amiable and paternal manner in the world.

Winter couldn't last always. Nor could early Spring. There was green grass and bright leaves and a warm sun, and the trees were beginning to blossom, when Paul came down from his chamber one evening more excited and more in a hurry than usual. It was a joyous nervousness and excitement, though, and had nothing in it to alarm Jack and Stella, even though it was a fact, and it was, that he had forgotten to light a cigar which he held in an absent-minded manner between his lips.

"I've got everything fixed at last," he said—"that is, I mean that—well—well—my business is so that I can attend to it, then, and—and—You haven't set the wedding-day yet, have you?"

I am almost afraid that he looked at Jack when he asked the question, instead of at Stella.

But the lady took it upon herself to answer.

"No, Paul, the wedding-day is not set yet."

"Well, I was going to say that seemed to me that—"

He discovered at this point that his cigar was not lighted, and took time to rectify that error in his preparation for an evening's enjoyment before he went on.

Watching a cloud of smoke as it rolled upwards, and seeming to address his remarks to that, rather than to the person present, he concluded:

"That a week from to-morrow would be about the best time."

Jack championed that view at once.

Stella objected, as a matter of course. She had a score of reasons, in round numbers, when she began—good ones, too. But Paul's vigorous logic and keen ridicule did for them what his physical being was doing for something less than an equal

number of cigars—turned them into smoke, one by one.

All but one. Ladies, and many married men, may skip this if they like. Bachelor friends, real or recent, to you alone it may be necessary to state that the one reason which persistently refused to be smoked out was the universal, eternal, unanswerable, unreasonable and unreasoned woman's reason—clothes.

This is said to be a free country. The men delude themselves into the belief that they rule it. We talk of majorities and their might. And yet—Jack and Paul were two to one, and the one was a woman. And they let her say two weeks, instead of one, and both thought themselves lucky then, and all because she turned her appealing eyes upon them, with the universal and eternal and unanswerable and unreasonable and unreasoned woman's reason, on her sweet lips.

And yet there are some women who want the ballot—or pretend they do!

The plans for the wedding began to take form at once.

It was decided that the ceremony should take place in a little church, almost like a country church, with its trees and churchyard, which stood near Stella's suburban home. The wedding was to be in the morning, at a very early hour, eight o'clock. Then there was to be a wedding-breakfast at Stella's home. After that, the persons most interested planned the beginning of a leisurely tour which should include what they might choose en route, and last as long as they pleased. But, when they got to talking of that, Paul always smiled significantly, and remained silent.

The wedding was not to be a fashionable one. The guests were not to be many; the invitations were few; but when they came to address and mail them, Paul insisted upon helping the lovers in their task.

Little by little, with much discussion as to whether this one should be asked, and that one left out, the work was done.

"I've asked all my friends," said Stella.

"I've done better than that," said Jack, with a smile; "I believe I have asked every person I know."

"And I've worked here like a slave," said Paul, with a playful attempt at seriousness, "and have sent to this person for the one, and to that one for the other, and haven't sent a single invitation to a person of my own individual choice. How am I to be rewarded?"

"Here," said Jack and Stella, almost in concert, as each took an envelope, with an inclosed card from the pile of invitations not yet used.

"Do you mean that I may really invite all of two persons?" asked Paul, with mock gravity.

"Yes," cried Jack and Stella, entering into the spirit of Paul's manner.

But Paul's manner changed instantly. It became really serious, instead of being a pretence. "I believe I could add to the dramatic effect of your wedding, sister mine," he said, gravely, "by sending these as I might choose."

"One is married but once," said Stella, whose mood had not changed when her brother's did, "and nothing would please me better than dramatic effect."

"Don't be too sure, Stella; you—"

"But I am sure. Send the invitations wherever you will."

"With absolute freedom?"

"With absolute freedom."

Paul put his elbow upon the table, and leaned his head upon his hand.

"I hadn't thought of that," he said to himself, reflectively, "but I believe it is all right." Then he added, aloud, "I will do it."

"This one I'll keep," he said, when he had addressed the first, "and attend to delivering it myself."

He slipped it into his pocket.

"That one," writing an address, and tossing the invitation upon the pile—"that one may go with the rest."

The words on the envelope in Paul's pocket were strange enough. One would have doubted whether they could really be an address—"The Man who First Proposed this Wedding."

The other was plain and direct, even if a little strange; it bore the familiar name of "Mr. Rupert St. Aubyn."

CHAPTER XV.—HER DEAD FACE AT HIS DOOR.

TOMORROW would be Stella Burlan's wedding-day. Rupert St. Aubyn shut himself up in his great parlor, drew a huge stuffed armchair before his fire, and gave himself up to thought. It was an ugly night. Spring had come, to be sure, but there was a tomb-like chill all about the house which made a fire very welcome, and outside the rain fell like a second deluge, and the rain-laden wind beat and thundered along the vacant streets, or tore with unseen fingers at blinds and window-casings, while from time to time some furious blast strayed from its fellows, lost itself in one of the chimneys, and sobbed itself to death.

St. Aubyn was not dominated by one of his nervous attacks to-night. A great calm seemed to have settled down upon him. For a long time he would be absolutely quiet, and then would only move enough to settle himself into an easier posture. You would scarcely have known him for the pain-racked wretch you have seen hunting vainly for rest and peace, from room to room, unless you could have stood where the gaze from his eyes was concentrated. That was, if possible, more reckless and wicked and malignant than it had been then. And there was a glitter which looked like triumph, when it would have seemed more fitting to have seen sorrow in his glance, seeing that to-morrow was Stella's wedding-day. St. Aubyn, calm, was only too evidently a no less dangerous man, to say the very least, than St. Aubyn, frenzied, had been.

From time to time he spoke, disconnectedly and disjointedly, and his thoughts were sometimes merry and sometimes miserable, though always strange and weird. Only once or twice did he seem to hear the rage and riot of the storm. His mind was busied with other things. He evidently felt that this was a crisis in his life—an important, if not a desperate, one.

St. Aubyn was dressed in the most faultless manner. He was a man with taste and judgment in all matters pertaining to dress, and his thought and time had been given unsparingly to the selection of his garments and the arrangement of his toilet. It must have been the first time such a thing had ever happened; a studied stroke of the man's originality—for he was original in many things, if not in sin; it was early evening of the night before the ceremony, but Rupert St. Aubyn was already dressed for attending the wedding of Stella Burlan. In a quiet way this man was evidently about to "make a night of it."

"It will be dramatic," he said to himself, with a strange smile. He was thinking of the morrow, and he had hit upon Paul's idea, strangely enough. His smile faded out, and he frowned a little. "I don't trust him," he said, reflectively. He was thinking of Paul Burlan, and of the invitation he had sent him, and was trying for the thousandth time to decide what the motive could have been. He knew that Mr. Paul Burlan disliked him; he knew that he rejoiced in the fact that Jack had won his sister; he knew that he hated Mr. Paul Burlan as much—or more—than as he loved Stella. But he had no key to the enigma which troubled him, for he knew nothing of the keen eyes which had watched his vigils in front of the Burlan's mansion; nothing of the confidential visits which Paul had made to the banking-houses with which the firm of "BURLAN & ST. AUBYN, INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE AGENTS," used to do business in the years gone by; nothing of the visit his wife had made to Paul; nothing of the fact that a certain tin box of his still existed.

"Married! We'll see! Perhaps I'll be the lucky man yet, unless—" He half-started to his feet then, but either thought better of it or overcame his impulse, and only settled himself deeper into his chair, while he rubbed his hands over one another, and then thrust them nearer the fire with a shiver. He looked, then, like a man who had taken the last plunge to the very bottom of wickedness; so mad a dash to the very depths of an evil so much lower than anything he had ever dreamed possible before, that the fall had left him too stunned and dazed to be either horrified or happy; he looked like one whose dalliance with sin during his whole life had resulted in only failure, and who had scoured his courage up to the utmost limit of desperation at last, and sold his soul! His mask had fallen. He looked himself—as he was.

"She may be glad enough to do it," he mused. He was thinking of Stella Burlan. He was thinking of her marriage. He was actually dreaming that he might be the one to stand by her side; that she might sit by his fireside; that it might be to him that the blessing of her wifely love would fall. And he was not asleep. And he was not mad.

Possibly he knew some unholy thing that not Paul nor Stella nor Jack knew. But he either mistook woman nature, or never guessed that the eyes of Stella Burlan had read the dreadful words in which his wife had given him his freedom.

The man who has never had one word of encouragement from a woman, may hope that "Yes" will come some time, if manly and devoted persistence follow her "No." But, for the man who has succeeded first, and then failed, there is no light in the darkness—there is no hope.

So, whatever it was that Rupert St. Aubyn knew that lit the lamps of revenge in his eyes and put out the lights of despair; whatever it was that made it possible for his heart to hope, while the bells rang midnight and ushered in the morning of Stella's wedding-day, it is very certain that he never guessed the sweet words that had dropped from her pen for him once: he never imagined the existence of the letter which Paul had burned.

There was a noise outside. It sounded like a weak and faltering footfall on his steps. There was a knock or two, far away and faint and ghostly, like the summons a spirit might make. There seemed to be the sound of a fall, vague and indistinct, above the rushing roar of wind and rain.

But St. Aubyn never moved. He never turned his head. He never took his intense stare from the fire before him. He was as calm and passive as a statue might have been.

But St. Aubyn was superstitious; we have seen him a prey to the most fearful nervous fancies. Why this change? Let me try to tell you?

The soldier rushes here and there while the battle rages. Retreat follows advance; advance, retreat. Now he sunders; now he shouts.

Here, there must be a prayer for a friend; there, he hurls out a curse for a foe. Day, and battle, and life, move on together, and the nervous, active man fights as the fortunes of the day are, and as his mood is. But listen!—look! There is but one cartridge left.

"Fix bayonets!" comes the hoarse command.

And out from the borders of the slowly lifting smoke-cloud comes the enemy's cavalry. One last shot, with a slow aim and a steady eye; then there is nothing left but to wait the final shock. It is death or victory now, and that speedily; and the soldier's arms are rigid, and his face passive, whichever comes.

Life is a battle.

And St. Aubyn is calm because he is playing out his last desperate venture; because the morning is coming, and he is lost and ruined—unless something happens to-day.

He sleeps a little, as the morning comes on, and the wind and rain wear themselves out and drift away with the night; sleeps, and he has not touched his drug for days.

In the early light he creeps up to his own room, softly, for he will not wake the servants, and dashes cold water upon his face and head. Refreshed, he turns and goes down the stairs again. He will not trouble the servants for breakfast this morning, for there will be the wedding-breakfast at the Burlans, and—

He smiles craftily to himself.

He will go out and get himself a roll and a cup of coffee. He is likely to have a trying morning; a very wearying and exciting one.

On the whole, he thinks he will make a full meal at the restaurant, for he is really quite hungry, and breakfast may be late at the Burlans. He thinks it probably will be. He cannot but believe it will be. It may be very late.

There is nothing of doubt in St. Aubyn's eyes. There is hope and triumph and determination. But he touches his pocket, more from habit than for any other reason.

There is something missing. He laughs, but his laugh is not a merry one. He has not been so forgetful before, since he began to carry the most potent remedy he has ever thought of using. He must never forget again. He runs up to his chamber, and comes back with the little cylinder of leather whose centre is a tiny vial. His face was white when he went up-stairs, but all that is gone now. Perhaps it was white because he had been careless.

He goes into the hall. He puts on his hat and gloves and overcoat leisurely and with care. He sings, under his breath almost, a line or two of some French love song.

He looks in the hall mirror. His appearance pleases him. He nods and laughs back to the reflection in the glass. Then he shakes a warning finger at the visage there.

"You mustn't let any sudden good fortune turn your head, St. Aubyn, my boy," he says. "The sun is bright and warm. That is good. It is a pleasant day after the wretched night."

He picks up his cane.

"I can hear the birds," he sets his hat a little more jauntily upon his head.

"The ancients had omens and signs," he said; "why should not I? No common thing; no trivial thing; but something strange and unusual. Not the sunshine after the storm; not the bird-song after the tempest. Let it be something else. Love and success, if the scene be goodly and pleasant; disgrace and failure, if it be sad or sinful. A clear path always," with his boldness outrunning itself in blasphemous daring; "a clear path always, if there be no signs of past sin or folly waiting for me; the utmost failure that justice or revenge could wish me, if there be ought to remind me of what I would rather forget. Let the first strange scene my eye falls upon be my omen, good or bad, on the morning of Stella Burlan's wedding-day."

He laid his hand upon the knob of the door; it was not wonderful that the hand trembled a little. He would have to be a very good man, and a very brave one too, who would stake his future on chance—if he could. He would have to be a very brave man, whether good or not, who would make a serious pretence of doing what St. Aubyn did.

"Only this door between me and my fate," he muttered; "only this door. Dare I believe in so seemingly foolish a thing? Dare I risk it?"

What did he think next? What did the few words which dropped brokenly from his lips mean? "Door—between—and fate. Consequences—possibilities—crimes. A mountain grave—the ebbing tide—fire."

"I risk it and dare it," he said, and opened the door.

Some one had crept to this man's door in the drenching rain of midnight, and had crept no further. Some horrible thing had remained, gaunt and ghastly, but with the deathless love the face had worn, not gone yet. On bended knees, with weary brow pressed against the door, neglected love had waited until the tired brain forgot its tenderness and torture, and the heart forgot to beat. With white appealing hands stretched out as though to clasp him; with sightless eyes turned for a moment straight toward his own; with mute lips, on which the tale of man's sin and woman's suffering seemed still quivering; this awful thing faced him. Then, as though making him a fantastic bow, it toppled slowly forward into the hall closing St. Aubyn's way.

It was the dead body of his wife!

(To be continued.)

THE PLenary COUNCIL OF BALTIMORE.

THE formal opening of the third Plenary Council of the Catholic Church in the United States occurred at the venerable and historic cathedral of Baltimore, on Sunday, the 9th instant. It was impressive, not only on account of its magnificent ceremonial features, and of the number of eminent churchmen who assisted, but also as an indication of the vast growth of the Church since the last council was held, eighteen years ago. The first Plenary Council of Baltimore, which met on May 2d, 1852, was composed of six archbishops and twenty-six bishops. The second assembled on October 7th, 1866, and included seven archbishops, thirty-eight bishops and three mitred abbots. At the present council, the number of archbishops, bishops, abbots, theologians, vicars-general, heads of religious Orders, and superiors of seminaries in attendance is probably not less than three hundred. The Plenary Council, as its name indicates, is composed of the entire hierarchy of a country. In calling it the Holy See follows a precedent established 1,400 years ago, when the title of Plenary was given to the general council of the African Church held in the days of Saint Augustine. The present Plenary Council of Baltimore includes all the archbishops, bishops and mitred abbots in the United States—from Maryland to California and from the Gulf of Mexico, in the South, to the great lakes of the North. Cardinal McCloskey, of New York, and Archbishop Alemany, of San Francisco, are prevented from attending on account of infirmities and advanced age. The former is

presented by his Coadjutor, Archbishop Corrigan, and the latter by Bishop Riordan, of San Francisco. Archbishop Gibbons, of Baltimore, as Apostolic delegate, presides. This is the largest gathering of Catholic prelates that has assembled since the celebrated Council of Trent in the sixteenth century, except the Council of the Vatican, which adjourned in 1870 before completing its labors.

The Sunday of the 9th was one of pure skies and brilliant sunshine. Early in the forenoon immense throngs of people gathered in the streets adjacent to the cathedral, in order to see the entrance of the procession. The prelates assembled in the archiepiscopal residence, back of the cathedral, and fronting on Charles Street. When everything was ready the Most Rev. Archbishop Gibbons, Apostolic Delegate, put incense into the censer, knelt, and, without his mitre, intoned the hymn, "Veni Creator." In the meantime all uncovered and knelt. At the end of the first verse of the hymn the procession was formed in the following order: Cross Bearer; Seminarians of St. Sulpice; Regular Clergy; Secular Clergy; Chanters; Theologians of the Council; Officials of the Council; Superiors of Religious Orders; Rectors of Theological Seminaries; Very Reverend and Right Reverend Monsignori; Right Reverend Mitred Abbots; Right Reverend Bishops; Most Reverend Archbishops; Censer Bearer, carrying the Censer; Archiepiscopal Cross Bearer, between two Acolytes; Vicar General McColgan; Most Rev. James Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, Primate of the American Church, and Apostolic Delegate, between his secretary, Rev. Alfred A. Curtis, and the Chancellor of the Archdiocese, Rev. George W. Devine, as deacons of honor. Following closely behind were the insignia bearers of the Most Reverend Apostolic Delegate. The seminarians, reverend clergy and chanters were dressed in cassocks, surplice and biretum; the regular clergy in the habits of their respective Orders; the theologians in amice alb, cincture, red stoles and red chasubles; the officials of the council, superiors of religious orders, rectors of seminaries and monsignori in surplice, amice red cope and biretum; the right reverend mitred abbots in the habits of their respective orders, red copes and plain white mitres; the right reverend bishops and most reverend archbishops in rochet, amice, red copes and plain gold mitres; the assistant priest in surplice, amice, red cope and biretum; the deacons of honors in amice, alb, cincture and red dalmatics, and the Most Reverend Apostolic Delegate in amice, alb, cincture, red stole, red cope and precious mitre. The line of march was then taken up. As the procession moved along at a slow pace hymns and psalms were sung. As the train of distinguished ecclesiastics passed the vast assemblage upon the streets, a grand picture was presented such as is seldom seen. The vestments were rich in the extreme, and shone lustreously in the brilliant sunshine. A feature of the scene was the devout manner in which the large throng behaved. All was silence, and as the long line came in sight many Catholics prostrated themselves upon the red bricks of the sidewalk, and remained upon their knees until all had passed. All who saw this sight were deeply moved by it.

The stately procession entered the cathedral by the great doorway, and moved slowly up the long aisles. The altars were ablaze with light. The deep diapason of the organ swelled to the dome, and clear, sweet voices chanted in the choir. The church was filled to its utmost capacity, yet so silent were the multitudes that the words of the service could be distinctly heard by all. Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by the Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick, D. D., of St. Louis. The Most Rev. Patrick J. Ryan, D. D., Archbishop of Philadelphia, preached the opening sermon, his subject being "The Church in Her Councils." The sermon was followed by the various ceremonies proper to the opening of the Council, and the return of the procession to the archiepiscopal residence.

The second session of the Council was held on the 16th instant, and the business meetings in the Seminary of St. Sulpice will probably continue until the end of the month. The legislative proceedings will not be made public until they have been sent to Rome and reviewed there, as required by the laws of the Church.

ARCHBISHOP GIBBONS.

THE Archbishop of Baltimore, the Most Rev. James Gibbons, who presides over the Plenary Council, is one of the youngest members of the American hierarchy. He was born in Baltimore on July 23d, 1834. His parents were Irish, and at an early age he was taken to Ireland, where he was partially educated. In his nineteenth year he returned to Baltimore and entered St. Charles College, Maryland, to study for the priesthood. He was ordained by the late Archbishop Kenrick, June 30th, 1864, and, after several unimportant missions, was made Secretary to Archbishop Spalding and stationed at the Cathedral, where he soon became marked for future promotion. In 1868 he was appointed by the Pope a Vicar Apostolic for the State of North Carolina, and so marked was the efficiency with which he discharged the responsible duties of the office that, upon the death of Bishop McGill, of Richmond, in January, 1872, he was raised to that vacant See. He soon infused new life into the Catholic Church in Virginia; new churches were erected in various places, schools and other public institutions established, and throughout the whole State everything manifested the presence of an active, zealous and hard-working Bishop. While he was thus engaged in building up the Diocese of Richmond, the health of Archbishop Bailey, of Baltimore, began to decline, and in May, 1879, at his special request Pius IX. appointed Bishop Gibbons his coadjutor, with the right of succession to the Archiepiscopal See of Baltimore. On the 3d of October, of the same year, by the death of Dr. Bailey, Archbishop Gibbons succeeded to the See of Baltimore. During his administration six Catholic churches have been built in that city. St. James's Home for Boys has been established. St. Elizabeth's Home for Colored Infants has been opened, a home founded for servant-girls out of place, a Young Men's Lyceum established, a Catholic hall erected, besides numbers of churches and public institutions built throughout the archdiocese. In the Fall of 1883 Archbishop Gibbons and other leading Catholic prelates were summoned to Rome for the purpose of taking into consideration the affairs of the Church in America. The result of that conference was the convoking of the third Plenary Council of Baltimore. At first the Pope was disposed to appoint an eminent Italian clergyman to represent him at the council, but upon further advising with the American Archbishops this idea was abandoned, and Archbishop Gibbons was appointed Apostolic Delegate and President of the Council. Leo XIII. has a high appreciation and

great personal friendship for Archbishop Gibbons, and as a special mark of his favor presented him with his last painted portrait, which will occupy a conspicuous place in the Council Chamber. Archbishop Gibbons is fifty years old, and while not physically strong is a hard worker, performing conscientiously all the duties of his exalted office.

THE LIFE OF OUR MARINES.

READERS of Captain Marryat's novels have probably a very poor idea of the marines, who were special objects of aversion and contempt among the old-time tars. In the former days of the British navy, when men were impressed into service on the ships, and guarded by marines, they naturally felt little affection for the soldiers of the sea. But the old prejudice is dying out, and scarcely a trace of it exists on board the American men-of-war. The Marine Corps of the country occupies a considerable position in our defensive system, the present corps numbering 2,000 enlisted men and ninety officers. About half of this number are risking their lives by cruising about in the shabby vessels of the United States Navy, while the remainder are quartered at the Government stations in Portsmouth, New London, Charleston, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Norfolk, League Island, Washington, Pensacola and Mare Island. They are simply a kind of nautical police, guarding the property of the Government. Our sketches were made at the Brooklyn station, the exterior of which is familiar enough to visitors to the Navy Yard, though the interior presents many scenes of novelty and amusing interest.

When a would-be warrior enlists he must swear to support the Government in all emergencies, be sound in health, and unmarried. The recruit puts on the regulation suit in stock that comes nearest to fitting him, and is ready for glory and the grave. An "ole clo" dealer takes the cast-off suit, while the recruit puts his valuables in his haversack. He has no pockets in his trousers. This induces him to keep his hands out of them, and besides helps him to stand upright. A grim-visaged sergeant works the recruit into the awkward squad, and makes him, in much time and with great labor, a good, working soldier, unless he should desert in the interim. After a term at some yard garrison he is shipped off to sea and completes his time amid all phases of a marine's life.

The irksomeness of the marine's life consists more in its cast-iron routine than in the amount of actual labor to be performed. The recruit routes him out of his iron bedstead at six o'clock, sharp, in the morning, but in return he must be nestled in the same downy couch by half-past nine in the evening. He cannot retire earlier, as an evening roll-call, held at nine o'clock, must be answered, that all may be known to be within the gates. When the corporal closes his roll-book, the drummer taps his instrument of torture for a moment, and silence reigns in the barracks, to be broken only by changing the tramping sentries and the arrival of some belated blue-coat from his day's leave.

These days out are a source of many tribulations to both officers and men. If a marine wishes to leave the yard, he applies to the colonel, and, gaining permission to go out, packs up his earthly goods in his knapsack and leaves them, after inspection, with the officer at the gate, who gives him a check, the presentation of which insures their safe return. This is needful, partly to prevent any loss through possible dishonest fellows, and partly to prevent his selling his clothing to relieve temporary financial embarrassment.

Too much of an outing is apt to be succeeded by a reversed condition of things—that is, a term in the brig. This marine bastille is a cheerful hole bottomed with bilge water, far down in the fore-hold of a ship, wherein refractory or over-bibulous tars are impounded, to live on little bread and an unpleasant amount of water, during a long enough period to insure repentance. Before this floating prison a marine tramps as long as it may contain occupants. There is also a prison connected with the Navy Yard. The outgunning Ls at either end of the long yellow barrack building each have their upper floors finished off into many cells, ranged along central windows, wherein are confined such marines as may be convicted of military offenses.

As a rule, however, the marines are upright, soldierly fellows. The enlistment rolls show the names of men from almost every walk of life. They are chiefly, however, young fellows, and native born at that—and here the marine corps differs from the army—who find little to do, and do not care to wrestle with menial labor, or who become discouraged at the lack of suitable employment, and enlist in sheer disgust. Another class is made up largely of those who wish to hide for a period of years from the gaze of the wicked world, whether through fault of self or others. Sometimes the scapegraces of wealthy families enlist to hide some mad freak of youthful wildness, and trouble their parents enough until they get a discharge.

RECOGNITION AT SEA.

IN view of the many first-class lines now crossing the Atlantic, the question that first suggests itself upon seeing a steamer in the distance is: To what line does she belong? Is she an Iman, Guion, White Star or Allan boat, or is she a Cunarder? To the uninitiated all steamers look alike at sea, and it is frequently a puzzle to the passengers to understand how the officers can tell so readily on being asked—even if the strange steamer be passed at night—to what line she belongs. The Boston Transcript thus explains: Each line has a distinctive "funnel mark" by which its steamers can be told by day, and a distinctive kind of firework-signal by which they can be known by night. When you see a steamer whose funnel is two-thirds red, with a white band and a black top, you may know that she is an "Allan Liner." If at night she sends up blue, white and red rockets in succession, she belongs to the same line.

An "American" Line steamer will have a funnel the lower part of which is red, with a white key-stone painted on it; above these will be a narrow white band, with a black top. The night signal is first a red light, followed by a Roman candle throwing six red balls, and then another red light.

If a steamer's funnel is buff, with a black top, she is a "White Star" boat, and her night signal will be a green light and a rocket throwing two green stars.

When you see a black funnel, with a white band about a third from the top, it will show an Iman steamer; and a night signal of blue light forward and aft, with a red light on the bridge and a variegated rocket, will tell you she belongs to the same line.

The Cunard Line is known in the daytime by a

red funnel with a black top, and at night by two rockets and blue lights simultaneously.

If the funnel is black, with a red band two-thirds of the way up, it is that of a Guion steamer, to which line the famous *Alaska* and *Arizona* belong. The night signal of the line is blue lights burned forward, aft and on the bridge simultaneously.

A steamer with a white funnel, with a black top to it, will be a National Line boat, and her signal at night will be a blue light, followed by a rocket and then a red light.

The Anchor Line boats have black funnels without any mark, and the night signal is red and white lights burned alternately.

EXPORTATION OF NEW ENGLAND APPLES.

THE yield of apples in various sections of New England this season is enormous. Farmers in Maine and other sections scarcely know what to do with the immense crop, and the exportation to England from Boston is the only outlet which prevents this product from being a glut upon the market. Many orchards all over the Northern States have yielded five hundred barrels, and one Kennebec County (Me.) orchardist has raised this season seven hundred barrels of Baldwins, probably more than any other orchardist in the country. In certain counties the crop is comparatively small, and in others scarcely worth picking. Great quantities of cider and vinegar at low prices will be the result of the great crop where shipping for export is not attempted. The exports have never been so heavy before. In one week recently the shipments were 20,000 barrels. The export in 1880 were heavy, in 1881 very small, in 1882 heavy, and last year too small to be considered.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

A SOCIETY has been established at Vladivostok in Eastern Siberia for the purpose of exploring the Amour district, with a view of founding in Vladivostok a museum illustrative of the natural history of the region.

CAPTAINS RENARD and KREBS have made another successful voyage in their steerable balloon. They went from Mendon to Bellacourt, and returned, alighting at the point from which they started in forty-five minutes.

MERCURY is firmly believed by the Chinese to possess wonderful virtues. They hold that it not only prolongs life, but expels bad vapors, poison, and the gloom of an uneasy mind. The doctrine of the transmutation of mercury into other metals prevailed in China 2,000 years ago. Cinnabar was known to the Chinese in the seventh century before the Christian era.

THE recent scare in Great Britain with regard to the alleged unwholesomeness of tinned foods has led to the proposal that mild steel should be used instead of the common tinned iron, of which the cans are now made. It is believed that in cases where the food has been found to be tainted, the imperfection may be due, not to the soldering, but to the use of faulty iron. Mild steel can now be produced so cheaply, that the change can be made without much additional cost.

THE leading musicians and instrument makers of Germany are petitioning Prince Bismarck to establish a normal musical pitch in the Empire—in the hope that other nations may be induced to adopt it. At the next South Kensington Exhibition, which includes musical instruments in its catalogue of attractions, the same subject is to receive special attention—a sub-committee having already been appointed to consider it. It is certainly time that something was done in this direction.

EXPERIMENTS with gelatine dynamite have shed a curious light on the expansion of explosives. The test is made by inclosing the compound in a cavity of lead whose walls are very thick, capable of uniform attenuation, but resist rupture until the last limit of tenacity is exhausted. By exploding thirty grams of No. 1 gelatine dynamite in a cavity whose capacity was fifteen cubic centimetres, the space was enlarged to one thousand three hundred and thirty cubic centimetres—nearly at the ratio of one to ninety.

An engine said to be the smallest in the world has been made by a watchmaker now connected with a watch manufacturing company. As described, the engine is of upright pattern, and is made of steel and gold. It rests on a twenty-five cent gold piece, and can be worked either by steam or compressed air. The cylinder is a little less than one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter, with a little less than three-thirty-seconds of an inch stroke. The balance wheel is one-third of an inch in diameter, and can make something like a thousand revolutions a minute. The wrist-pin is a sapphire cut for the purpose.

AMONG the many wonderful things exhibited at the World's Exposition at New Orleans will be an "electro-mechanical signaling apparatus," which gives promise of making railway travel in future a trifle safer than staying at home. This wonderful contrivance not only gives warning of such ordinary dangers as the approach of "wild" trains, obstacles upon the track, or broken bridges or trestles, but if the draw of a bridge is ever so little out of place it rings a bell in the engine-cab, and another at the house or post of the bridge-keeper. If a trestle or culvert is out of line in any direction so as to create a danger, or if a tunnel wall sags in a threatening way, a faithful little hand points out the danger upon a dial, and the bell in the cab rings sharply, waking the engineer if asleep, and calling his attention to the signal.

THE following is a process invented by M. Rubenick for metalizing wood: The wood is first immersed for three or four days, according to its permeability, in a caustic alkaline lye (calcareous soda) at a temperature of from 75° to 90°. From thence it passes immediately into a bath of hydro-sulphite of calcium, to which is added, after twenty-four or thirty-six hours, a concentrated solution of sulphur in caustic potash. The duration of this bath is about forty-eight hours, and its temperature is from 35° to 50°. Finally the wood is immersed from thirty to fifty hours in a hot solution (30° to 50°) of acetate of lead. This process, as may be seen, is a long one, but the results are surprising. The wood thus prepared, after having undergone a proper drying at a moderate temperature, requires, under a burnisher of hard wood, a polished surface, and assumes a very brilliant metallic lustre. This lustre is still further increased if the surface of the wood be first rubbed with a piece of lead, tin or zinc, and be afterwards polished with a glass or porcelain burnisher. The wood is said thus to assume the appearance of a true metallic mirror, and is very solid and resistant.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

RIGHT HON. GEORGE J. SHAW-LEFEVRE has been appointed as Postmaster-general of England.

THE divorce of Mme. Patti from her husband, the Marquis de Caux, has been made absolute.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has accepted the nomination to the rectorship of Aberdeen University.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR has appointed Governor Schnyder Crosby, of Montana, to be First Assistant Postmaster-general.

LONDON Truth says it is feared that Leopold, King of the Belgians, will become insane, owing to his great political anxieties.

At the recent election an independent voter in the Sixteenth District of New York city voted for George Washington and Thomas Jefferson for Presidential electors.

It is intimated that President Arthur may be a candidate for the United States Senatorship from New York, in place of Mr. Lapham, whose term is about to expire.

J. O. P. BURNSIDE, late disbursing officer of the Post Office Department in Washington, now under indictment for embezzlement, has been adjudged insane and sent to the Government hospital.

VICTORIA HULSKAMP, née Morosini, whose recent elopement furnished a nine days' newspaper sensation, has been engaged to sing at the Thalia (German) Theatre for a season of six months.

It is said that the Astors alone own 3,600 houses in New York, all of stone and iron. The lowest rental they get is \$1,500 per annum, and their highest about \$50,000, which some of their enormous down-town buildings bring.

MRS. MACKAY's magnificent palace at Florence has been entirely rearranged, and she will occupy it for a considerable portion of the forthcoming winter. Her Paris house, in the Place de l'Arc de Triomphe, will be occupied during her absence by General Gusman Blanco.

SENATOR BECK, of Kentucky, has been indulging, like a good many others, in Cabinet making. He would like to see ex-Senator Thurman, Secretary of State; ex-Senator McDonald, Attorney-general; Reagan, of Texas, Postmaster-general; and some well-known New York business man Secretary of the Treasury.

MADAME RISTORI won a gratifying success in Philadelphia last week. She played in English, this being her first struggle with our vernacular. The foremost actress of Italy, and the former rival of Rachel in Paris, retains the strength and beauty of her art at an age when many a dramatic artist has to lament the decline of the power to charm and move a great audience.

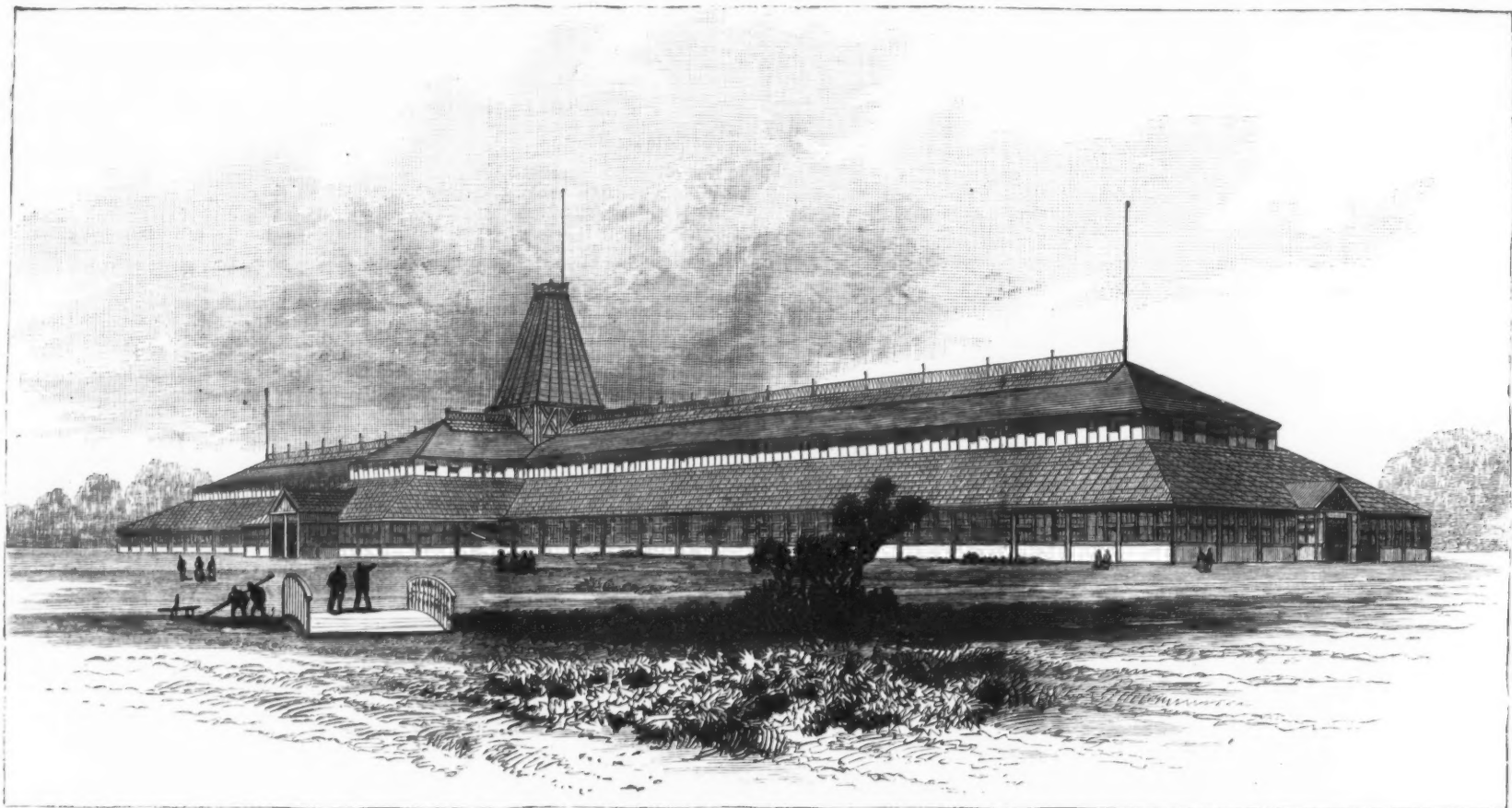
LIEUTENANT GREELY, the Arctic explorer, proposes, after finishing his report to the Government, to write, over his own name, a book upon his expedition, in which will appear extracts from diaries and a full account of the party's experience during the time spent in the Arctic regions. In this he will tell the whole story of Private Henry's death, and will give all the facts which have come under his knowledge concerning cannibalism at Cape Sabine.

MR. JULIAN HAWTHORNE delivered an interesting lecture on "Society" before the Long Island Historical Society last week. Mr. Hawthorne said that America was called the New World, but that her people had scarcely even yet comprehended the full significance of the phrase. He spoke glowingly of America's future and compassionately of that of England, the institutions of which country he thought could not last. One of the passages applauded was the following: "It cannot be said that our political and social outside is as good as that of England. But we can feel more confident of the strength and endurance of our digestive organs and of our lungs. I would not exchange the democratic street-car for all the siltken ease of the British Empire."

THE story of Mr. William H. Vanderbilt's recent benefaction of half a million dollars to the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons is very simple. Mr. Vanderbilt, while out driving one day on the upper part of the island stopped at a public bar, and while there a crippled boy with crooked legs and back came in. Mr. Vanderbilt asked about his injuries, and Professor Doremus also happened in and said it was a pity that the College of Physicians and Surgeons could not treat such cases, because it had no room, although it had a fine staff of surgeons and would like them for the instruction of students. Mr. Vanderbilt made more inquiries, but said nothing to indicate his purpose until in less than a month he forwarded his check to Dr. McLane. It was a total surprise to every member of the institution, as he had not been solicited to make the gift.

MISS PEARL TYLER, daughter of the late ex-President Tyler, was married on the 13th instant to William Munford Ellis, member of the Virginia House of Delegates. The ceremony took place in St. Peter's Cathedral, in Richmond, the Right Rev. Bishop John S. Keane officiating. Bishop Keane prefaced the ceremony with an address to the congregation, in which he referred to the fact that the bride's father had received the highest civic honor from the people of this country, and that the groom held and had discharged faithfully public trusts as the representative of his people. The scene in the church was a brilliant one. The altar and the interior of the sanctuary were resplendent with gas jets and burning tapers, and were adorned with rare plants and flowers. The bride is a beautiful brunette, tall and graceful. She was dressed in the rich white satin gown and veil which were worn by her mother on the occasion of her marriage with ex-President Tyler.

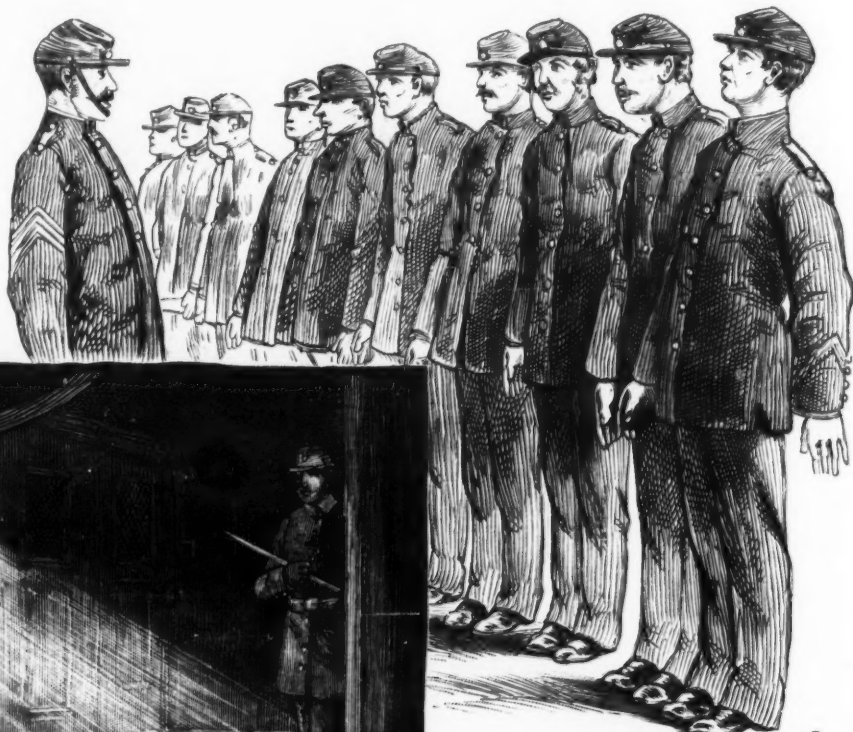
A NUMBER of familiar faces will not reappear in the next Congress. Mr. Eaton is not returned from Connecticut, nor Mr. Morse from Massachusetts. General Slocum, Messrs. Hardy, Dorsheimer, Robinson, Potter and Hutchings are among the New York members of the present House who are not re-elected. Mr. Blackburn goes to the Senate from Kentucky. Judge Buckner, of Missouri, retires to private life; and General Rosecrans, of California, is hoping for recognition from President Cleveland. Congressman Scales is the next Governor of North Carolina, and Robert J. Vance, of the same State, who has served for many years from that State, will also be missed in the next Congress, as will also John Hancock, of Texas. Ex-Speaker Keifer drops out of the Ohio delegation. The absence of Mr. W. H. Calkins, of Indiana, among the Republicans of the next House, will be regretted, for he was one of the few members of his party whose fairness and ability recommended him to all his colleagues in Congress.



LOUISIANA.—THE WORLD'S INDUSTRIAL AND COTTON CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION AT NEW ORLEANS—HORTICULTURAL HALL.
FROM A PHOTO BY EDWARD L. WILSON.—SEE PAGE 222.



THE "OLE CLO" DEALER



THE AWKWARD SQUAD



THE "BRIG"



THE RETURN FROM A DAYS LEAVE



THE RECRUITS FIRST REVEILLE

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A UNITED STATES MARINE.
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 219.

THE "FIRST SPIRITUAL TEMPLE,"
OF BOSTON.

THE Boston Spiritualists are about to have an abiding place of worship. It is situated at the corner of Newbury and Exeter Streets, on ground purchased by Mr. Marcellus S. Ayer, of that city, a wealthy wholesale grocer, who has been an avowed believer in Spiritualism for eighteen years, and for four years its active exponent. The magnificent structure is rapidly approaching completion, and as it is in the heart of the most fashionable portion of the city, on the new-made land, called the Back Bay, in the close vicinity of the Hotel Vendome, Trinity and the new Old South Churches, it is attracting a wide attention.

Heretofore the Spiritualists in New England at least, if not all over the country, have been poorly provided for as to places where they could observe the tenets and forms of their particular belief. They have been obliged to meet in each other's houses, or in public halls hired for that purpose, and have never, it is asserted, owned a regular place of assembly.

The architecture of the First Spiritual Temple is of the Order called Romanesque. The front is in Exeter Street, and is 82 feet in width, while the length, resting on Newbury Street, is 108 feet. The walls are 62 feet high from the sidewalk to the main cornice; but above the latter extends the roof, with its gables and dormers crowned with a turret which rises to the height of 120 feet, and presents a very imposing appearance. The exterior of the building is wholly of stone of two colors, the

Braggville granite, of a dark red, forming the body, while all the structural or decorative features, and the piers, arches, belts and cornices, are of the light-gray Long Meadow stone. The harmony between the two colors is perfect. A belt of the most elaborate and ornate carving runs entirely around the building at the top of the first story, and abounds in various other portions of it, which gives an added and genuine satisfaction to the beholder.

Over the broad stone arch of the main entrance on Exeter Street, which is delicately and elaborately carved in designs of foliage, is the inscription, "First Spiritual Temple," and beneath the inscription are two round panels, occupying the spandrels of the arch, carved with the symbols of the society which will worship within the building. The outer vestibule is beyond the archway, in which two broad flights of steps lead to the right and the left up to the great auditorium, which, with its gallery, organ-loft or platform, and lobbies, occupies the main story of the structure. It will be capable of seating 1,500 people. It has a sloping floor, slightly curving from side to side, and will be fitted with opera chairs. It will be a most attractive and cheerful hall of assembly, with its great stained-glass windows, its numerous and pleasing decorations, and generally light and airy appearance wherein elegance and utility are united. Over the audience-room are seven large lecture-halls, a kitchen, janitor's quarters and toilet-rooms; and still above this story is a great ventilating-chamber, with a floor or deck of cop-



MOST REV. JAMES GIBBONS, ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE, APOSTOLIC DELEGATE, AND PRESIDENT OF THE PLENARY COUNCIL.—SEE PAGE 219.

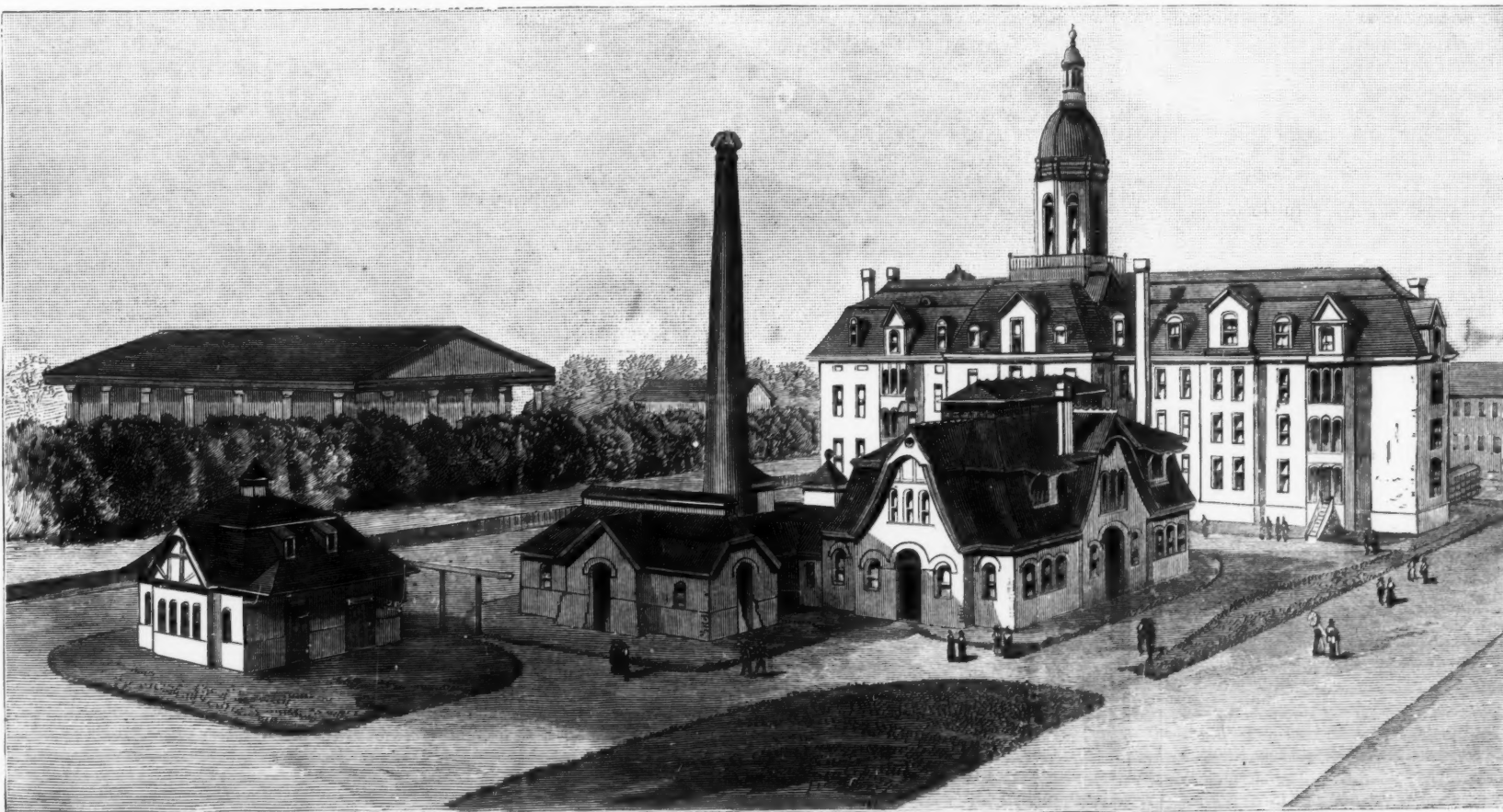


MASSACHUSETTS.—THE "FIRST SPIRITUAL TEMPLE," CORNER OF NEWBURY AND EXETER STREETS, BOSTON.

per, and the open screens of the end gables, and the centre turret of the building, through which the wind and rain may sweep harmlessly. Into this upper chamber are gathered all the air-ducts from all parts of the house. The whole building is to be warmed by steam, the radiators being placed beneath the basement-floor. In the stonework of the basement-walls are narrow slits to supply fresh air, which, being warmed in the spaces below, is then carried by pipes to the various parts of the house. Four huge trusses resting on piers, and projecting inward from the side walls, supports everything above the large auditorium. There is a stairway in each corner of the edifice. From the Newbury Street entrance the basement or lower story of the building is reached. Here is a hall to be used for a Sunday-school, and a large room to be occupied as a library and reading-room, a toilet-room, a ticket-office, and an office for the officers of the Association. The

Sunday services will consist of a lecture in the large auditorium in the morning, Sunday-school in the afternoon in the basement hall, and a second lecture in the evening, again in the main hall. During the week there will be meetings and lectures in the smaller halls of the upper story every evening. All the services are to be free, as well as the library of books on Spiritualism; also the reading-room. The best talent among the Spiritualists will be engaged for the lectures.

The Temple will be entirely completed in three months. It will then be donated by Mr. Ayer to the Working Union of Progressive Spiritualists of Boston, with certain proprietary rights to control the uses to which it shall be given. He has expended \$200,000 on this building, including the cost of the land on which it is located. The furnishings will cost from \$50,000 to \$75,000 more, which is contributed by the prominent Spiritualists of Boston and its vicinity.



PENNSYLVANIA.—THE GERMAN HOSPITAL BUILDINGS, ON CORINTHIAN AND GIRARD AVENUES, PHILADELPHIA. FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES DUNLAP.—SEE PAGE 214.

THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION.

THE work upon the Exposition buildings at New Orleans is rapidly approaching completion. The main edifice was nearly completed a month ago, and for a time stood still and deserted. It is now, once more, a busy scene. Within, workmen are erecting platforms and pagodas for exhibitors. Machinery Hall constitutes a portion of this building. Little remains to be done here. The shafting is nearly in place, the foundations for twenty engines are laid, and the boilers are set. The latter have 5,200 horse-power; the engines, 4,200, of which 2,200 is for the shafting, and 1,800 for electric light dynamos. The heavier machinery, such as is used in cotton factories and sugar mills, is to be set up in a special annex, which measures 350 x 120 feet. In Horticultural Hall the heating apparatus is being set up. Both of the Mexican buildings are practically completed, and work on the Sedan panorama building, Cedar Rapids furniture building, saw mills, agricultural structures, live-stock stables, art gallery, hotels and pavilions of public comfort, is now being pushed rapidly; electric towers are going up, flower beds are being laid out, and in these and other ways 1,600 workmen are actively engaged in putting finishing strokes to the grounds and edifices.

Horticultural Hall, of which we give a picture, is 600 x 194 feet, and is designed as a permanent structure. The exhibit made within its walls is expected to form one of the most attractive features of the Exposition.

The first number of FRANK LESLIE'S "FACT AND FICTION" for the CHIMNEY CORNER, the new bright, attractive and interesting weekly paper, will appear on Saturday, November 22nd. It will be devoted to Serial and complete Stories, Drama, Fashion, Society, Foreign Notes, Young Folk, and Personal. A notable feature will be that of pictorial critiques on such plays as may prove unequalled successes on the New York stage. In the Fashion Department no expense shall be spared in illustrating and reproducing the newest and exceptional fashions direct from Parisian modistes. No. 1 will include, among other features, "The Ladies Dalrymple," a story by M. T. Caldwell; poems by Joaquin Miller and the Marquis de Leville; sketches by Mrs. Emily W. Pierce; stories by Mary D. Brine and Lillian W. Lewis; and contributions in prose and verse by other favorite and well-known authors. "FACT AND FICTION" will be sold by all news-dealers or will be sent by mail on receipt of price, 10 cents. MRS. FRANK LESLIE, 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York.

FUN.

Should a mustard plaster be classed among drawing materials?

FARMERS wishing to be successful with sheep should guard them against exposure. But if, in sheltering his sheep, the farmer exposes himself and catches cold, he must use DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP.

"A DECLINE in coffee may be anticipated," remarked the market reporter of a city daily, as he saw his boarding house landlady pour out a muddy cup of coffee and pass it boldly to the fastidious dude boarder.

"For heaven's sake, what are you doing, Mr. Schneidervrouw?" exclaimed the leader of the orchestra to the second violin; "you're not keeping time at all; count the beats, man, count the beats." Mr. Schneidervrouw dropped his brow, looked over the audience of deadheads and exclaimed in despair: "It was impossible." He had misapprehended the leader's meaning.

"CANNOT SPEAK TOO HIGHLY IN ITS PRAISE."

DR. TURNER, of our New York Depository, sends us the following important letter:

"BROOKLYN, 341 Hoyt St., Dec. 4th, 1882.
DR. JOHN TURNER, 862 Broadway, New York.
"Dear Doctor: I had been subject to terrible influenza colds when I commenced using the Compound Oxygen, two years ago. On leaving my head they invariably seated themselves on my lungs, rendering them very sore, and would sometimes leave me a cough for months. I dreaded these colds more than my worst enemy. Since using the Oxygen I have not had one on my lungs, and I have frequently had one inhalation drive away the cold so completely that the next day I could scarce realize that I had had one at all. Other members of my family have used the Oxygen for the same purpose; also for rheumatism, dyspepsia and catarrh, with equally good results, especially in catarrh. Very truly yours,
"FRANK W. DOUGHTY."

Our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of chronic diseases, will be sent free. Address, DR. STARKY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philada.

"MAMMA, is that old turkey a gobbler?" "Yes, my child." "Well, then, is a baby a turkey goblet?"

"He who is false to present duty," says Henry Ward Beecher, "breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause." A case in point occurs to us. Mr. Wm. Ryder, of 85 Jefferson Street, Buffalo, N. Y., recently told a reporter that: "I had a large abscess on each leg, that kept continually discharging for twenty years. Nothing did me any good except DR. PIERCE'S 'GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY.' It cured me." Here is a volume expressed in a few words. Mr. Ryder's experience is entitled to our readers' careful consideration.—The Sun.

"ROUGH ON COUGHS."

Ask for "ROUGH ON COUGHS," for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness. Troches, 15c. Liquid, 25c.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS are indorsed by all the leading physicians and chemists, for their purity and wholesomeness. Beware of counterfeits, and ask your grocer and druggist for the genuine article, prepared by DR. J. G. B. SIEBERT & SONS.

C. C. SHAYNE, Fur Manufacturer, 103 Prince St., sends Fur Fashion Book free. Send your address.

THE American Homoeopathic Journal says: "The Liebig Co.'s preparations should not be confounded with patent nostrums. Its Coca Beef Tonic is a legitimate pharmaceutical product, and worthy of the recommendations bestowed upon it by both homoeopathic and allopathic journals. Invaluable to all who are run down, nervous, dyspeptic or bilious."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

FOR OVERWORKED PROFESSIONAL MEN.
DR. CHAS. T. MITCHELL, Canandaigua, N. Y., says: "I think it a grand restorer of brain force or nervous energy."

PRETTY WOMEN.

LADIES who would retain freshness and vivacity, don't fail to try "WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER."

A BONANZA THE POLITICIANS LOST SIGHT OF.

WHILE politicians everywhere were quarreling on Tuesday, October 14th, 1884, the 173rd Grand Monthly Drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery came off. M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La., (to whom all inquiries should be addressed), Ticket No. 78,455 drew the first capital prize of \$75,000, and it was sold in whole ticket to a well known business man of the Crescent City, and paid in to E. B. Lhoste, of the Louisiana Nat'l Bank there. No. 77,956 drew the second prize of \$25,000, sold in fifths at one dollar each—one-fifth each to Mr. Harry Smith, Justice of the Peace, and Wm. M. Kennedy, planter, both of Greenville, Miss.; one-fifth to W. C. Briggs, of Chicago; another to E. C. Bennett, No. 210 Sedgewick Street, Chicago. Two-fifths of the third prize of \$10,000—ticket No. 47,254—was won by O. C. Fox, Portage, Wis. The fourth prizes of \$6,000 each were won by Nos. 13,338 and 54,631, sold in fifths at one dollar each, and scattered very promiscuously, North, South, East and West, to parties in Memphis, Tenn.; Columbia, Tenn.; Philadelphia, Pa.; and New York City, etc., etc. But it will ever go on, and if you invest it may make you, but will not break you. (To be continued indefinitely).—Texas Siftings.

"ROUGH ON PAIN" PLASTER.

Porous and strengthening; improved; the best for backache, pains in chest or side, rheumatism, neuralgia. 25c. Druggists or mail.

The highest medical authorities concede Anglo-Swiss Milk Food to be the best prepared food for infants and invalids. Ask druggists, or write Anglo-Swiss Condensed Milk Co., 86 Hudson St., New York, for their pamphlet "Notes Regarding Use of Anglo-Swiss Milk Food." (See advertisement in this paper.)

"ROUGH ON ITCH."

"ROUGH ON ITCH" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.

LUNDBORG'S PERFUME, Edenia.
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

THE "FARM, FIELD AND STOCKMAN," of Chicago, is the leading agricultural paper of the country. The publisher is spending more labor and money than ever before to hold the distinction the paper has enjoyed for the past eight years, of the largest circulation among the best people. While it is agricultural in name, yet it has a large amount of space in each issue for home and literary entertainment. One of the most fascinating stories ever written is now running in its columns. Read their advertisement in this issue.

CATARRH CURED.

A CLERGYMAN, after suffering a number of years from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, after trying every known remedy without success, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease, sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to DR. J. A. LAWRENCE, 39 Dean Street, Brooklyn, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India mission, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, to W. A. NOYES, 119 Patten's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

CATARRH OF THE BLADDER.

STINGING, irritation, inflammation, all Kidney and Urinary Complaints, cured by "Buchu-Paiba." \$1.

PILE TUMORS.

NEGLECTED or badly treated, often degenerate into cancer. The worst pile tumors are painlessly, speedily and permanently cured without knife, caustic or salve, by our new and improved methods. Pamphlet and references, two stamps. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

"ROUGH ON TOOTHACHE."

INSTANT relief for Neuralgia, Toothache, Face-ache. Ask for "ROUGH ON TOOTHACHE." 15 & 25c.

BLAIR'S PILLS.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval box, \$1; round, 50c. At all druggists.

THE HOPE OF THE NATION.

CHILDREN, slow in development, puny, scrawny and delicate, use "WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER."

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

LIFE-PRESERVER.

If you are losing your grip on life, try "WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER." Goes direct to weak spots.

No lengthy advertisement is necessary to bolster up DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins by Grocers, labeled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO. Homoeopathic Chemists, London England.

BOKER'S BITTERS

THE OLDEST AND BEST OF ALL

Stomach Bitters.

AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE. TO BE HAD IN QUARTS AND PINTS.

L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manuf'r and Prop'r, 78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

12 Hidden Name Cards 10c Card Co., Hartford, Conn.

FREE TO ANY LADY

Readers of this paper who will agree to answer our catalogue and price list of Rubber Goods to their friends and try to influence sales for us. We will send you free, post-paid two full-sized, LADIES' GOSAMER RUBBER WATER PROOF GARMENTS, as a sample, and one of our handsome Colored Covers—44 page Catalogues with wholesale price list showing how you can make a nice profit right at home. Send 20 cents for postage, packing, etc. (stamps or silver taken.) But this and send it to B. A. BABCOCK & CO., CENTERBROOK, CONN.

50 First-class Chrono Cards for 1885, name on, 10c. Free sent with each pack, POTTER & CO. Monrovia, Ct.

A \$25.00 Breech Loading Shot Gun for only \$12.50.

RETAIL PRICE, \$25.00.

Good Till

February 1st, 1885, Only.



WARRANTED TO KILL AT 100 YARDS.

The "Phoenix" Double Barreled Breech Loading Shot Gun.

Is one of the MOST WONDERFUL BARGAINS EVER OFFERED IN SPORTING GOODS. The price at which we offer this Gun is but a trifle above the ACTUAL COST OF MANUFACTURE, and is given for a LIMITED TIME ONLY in order to at once introduce this INCOMPARABLE GUN to the sporting public.

The "PHOENIX" has elegant fine STEEL BARRELS, ENGRAVED AND POLISHED WALNUT STOCK, strong and easy action, CHOKE OR STRAIT BORED, 10 OR 12 GAUGE, has the Automatic Shell Ejector, and uses either paper or brass reloadable shells. The barrels are from 28 to 32 inches in length, and its weight is from 7½ to 10 pounds. All of the working parts are of the FINEST ENGLISH STEEL, and are CASE HARDENED AND BLUED, making them durable and lasting. Its action directly in front of the trigger guard is the STRONGEST, MOST SIMPLE AND DURABLE in the world. It can never get out of order, for ACCURACY, POWER, BEAUTY OF WORKMANSHIP, CLOSE AND STRONG SHOOTING QUALITIES, as well as the rapid manner in which it can be loaded and fired, CANNOT BE EXCELLED.

THE ENGLISH MANUFACTURERS, for whom we are SOLE AGENTS, have instructed us to offer a LIMITED NUMBER of these first-class Guns at less than the retail price, in order that they may become as favorably known here as in Europe.

COUPON. This Coupon is worth \$12.50, and will be received in part payment for one of our CELEBRATED PHOENIX DOUBLE BARRELED BREECH LOADING SHOT-GUNS, as above described, provided you cut this out and return it to us with \$12.50 in cash before FEB. 1st, 1885, but in no case will we sell or ship this Gun LESS THAN \$25, unless this coupon is returned with \$12.50 when you order.

TESTIMONIALS.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., July 27, 1884.—Gun to hand and will say that it is perfectly satisfactory. Yours, &c.

J. S. EMERY.

BANK LICK, KY., September 22, 1884.—I received my Gun. I like it very well. I want you to send me another one. There are several talking of buying one of your guns.

W. H. TILLMAN.

We could give hundreds of such testimonials if space would permit. In ordering send P. O. Order, Registered Letter, or Bank Draft on New York at our risk, or send some one to purchase for you.

Address all orders to PHOENIX MFG. CO., 41 Barclay St., N. Y.

GILBERT MFG. CO.'S Dress Linings.

(THE NEW FABRIC.)

MERCHANTS AND DRESSMAKERS LIKE A CLOTH where great strength is combined with a soft satin finish. They also, if they want their silks to give satisfaction, should buy and recommend for linings the

CABLE TWILLS.

SATIN CLASSIQUE TWILLS, SATIN MERVEILLEUX TWILLS, IMPROVED ROYAL TWILLS, CROS CRAIN TWILLS, ROYAL TWILLS, AND SOVEREIGN TWILLS.

Many a silk has been condemned because the common SILESA or a poor waist lining has been used. You should also ask for the

BLACK PRINCE TWILLS,

A cloth we guarantee to be fast black, and that PERSPARATION or ACIDS will not change, neither can it be made to CROCK in the SLIGHTEST DEGREE.

LADIES

Who have once used our goods are now careful to look for the INITIALS of OUR COMPANY on every yard of DRESS LININGS they buy.

A few DEALERS are stating to the trade that they are selling our makes, when in fact they are offering only an IMITATION ARTICLE made from SHORT STAPLE COTTON, thereby practicing a gross deception.

YOU CAN ALWAYS KNOW OUR GOODS by the LETTER G being printed on the SEAVAGE for every QUARTER OF A YARD, and the LETTER M for every THREE-QUARTERS OF A YARD.

These goods can be found in over 13,500 of the representative houses in the United States and Great Britain.

STANDARD PHOTOGRAPHIES Just BLAINE and LOGAN. Ready

712 Royal octavo pages; 67 full-page illustrations.

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Best Terms ever offered to Agents.

OUTFIT FREE and ALL FREIGHT PAID.

Address H. S. GOODSPEED & CO., NEW YORK & CHICAGO.

Genuine Rare Old Time Phot. 8c. Dec. 13 for \$1. Sure to suit. J. PATRICK, Boston, Mass.

SANTA CLAUS READY AGAIN!

Elegant Presents, suitable for all occasions and occasions. Money's worth obtained and orders promptly filled. Goods sent by mail or express on receipt of: 1, \$2, \$3, \$5 or \$10. Retail dealers profits saved. Address.

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KNICKERBOCKER TRUST CO.,

NO. 334 5TH AVE., CORNER 27TH ST.

Trust funds, estates, etc., managed on moderate terms, and income or interest promptly collected and remitted. Authorized to act as court, city or State depository; also as trustee, fiscal or transfer agent of corporations, States or municipalities.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS, also DEPOSITS RECEIVED SUBJECT TO DEMAND CHECK.

BOXES FOR SECURITIES, JEWELRY or other valuables to rent at \$10 per annum and upward, in FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF V.A. LT.

Special banking and coupon-rooms for ladies. Office hours, 9 A.M. to 4 P.M.

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SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Dis-

tress from Dyspepsia,

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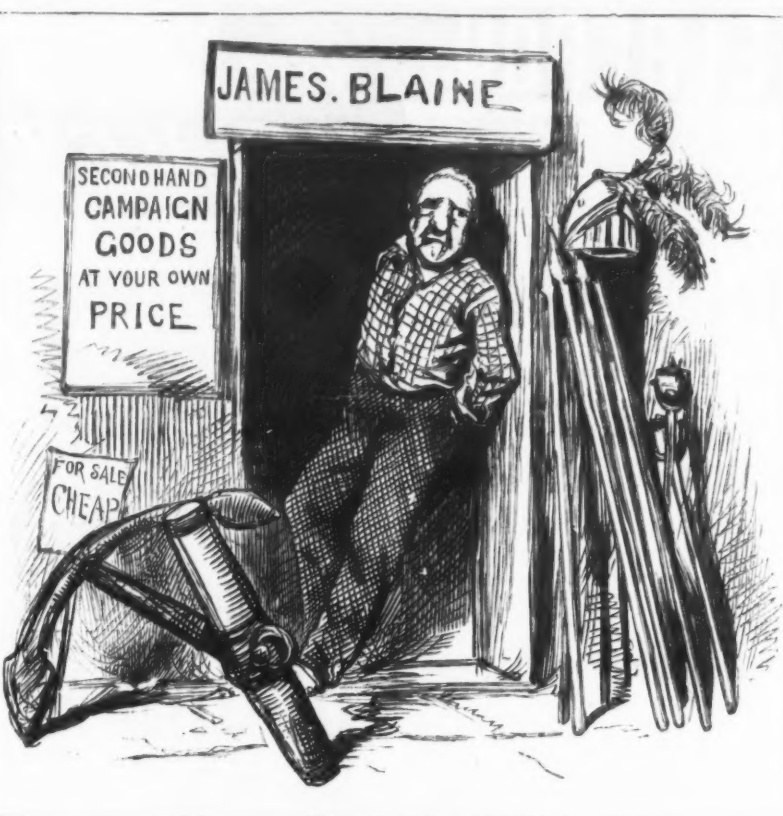
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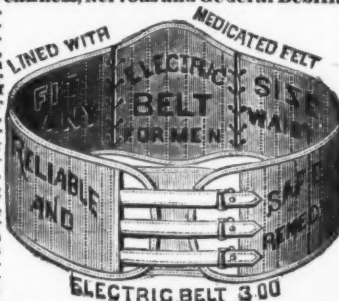
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